

The

# Y.M.C.A.

## RAISE BOOK

EDITED BY

W. F. SLIDDS.

Published by  
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THE  
Y. M. C. A.  
PRAISE BOOK:

A COLLECTION OF NEW AND OLD HYMNS AND  
TUNES ARRANGED FOR  
MALE VOICES.

ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF  
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS,  
AND  
MALE VOICE CHURCH CHOIRS.

EDITED BY  
W. F. SUDDS.

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# THE Y. M. C. A. PRAISE BOOK.

## LORD, WE COME BEFORE THEE NOW.

SUPPLICATION. 7s.

W. F. SUDDS.

1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow;  
Oh, do not our suit dis-dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A-MEN.

1

2

- mp* 1 Lord, we come before Thee now,  
At Thy feet we humbly bow;  
*cr* Oh, do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?  
*mf* 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.  
3 In Thine own appointed way  
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.  
4 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in Thee. AMEN.

William Hammond, 1745.

- mf* 1 To Thy temple I repair;  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
When within the veil I meet  
Christ before the mercy-seat.  
2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips; unloose my tongue,  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.  
3 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.  
4 From Thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn;  
And at evening let me say,  
I have walked with God to-day. AMEN.

James Montgomery, 1800.

## 3

## WHEN, STREAMING FROM THE EASTERN SKIES.

IONE. L. M. 6 lines.

W. F. SUDDS.

When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes mine eyes.

O sun of righteousness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine;

Oh, chase the clouds of guilt a - way, And turn the darkness in - to day. A-MEN.

*Constant Devotion.*

- p* 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King  
My morning sacrifice I bring,  
*dim* And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,  
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,  
*cr* Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,  
And be my advocate with God.
- p* 3 When each day's scenes and labours close,  
*dim* And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, Saviour, while I rest;  
*cr* And as each morning sun shall rise,  
*f* O lead me onward to the skies.
- p* 4 And at my life's last setting sun,  
*dim* My conflicts o'er, my labours done,  
*cr* Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed;  
*f* And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
*ff* To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

AMEN.

W. Shrubsole.

## 4

*Grace in Service.*

- mf* 1 Great God! this sacred day of Thine  
Demands the soul's collected powers;  
With joy we now to thee resign  
These solemn, consecrated hours;  
Oh, may our souls, adoring, own  
The grace that calls us to Thy throne.
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!  
Where God resides appear no more;  
Omniscient God, Thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore;  
Oh, may Thy grace our hearts refine,  
And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;  
Oh, may Thy word, with life divine,  
Engage the ear and warm the heart;  
Then shall the day indeed be Thine;  
Then shall our souls, adoring, own  
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.

AMEN.

A. Steele.

# SOFTLY FADES THE TWILIGHT RAY.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

WEBER.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab-bath day:  
Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run. A-MEN.

## 5 Sabbath Evening.

- p* 1 Softly fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath day;  
Gently as life's setting sun,  
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;  
All things tell of calm repose  
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad;  
'Tis the holy peace of God —  
Symbol of the peace within  
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,  
Where the evening worshipper  
*cr* Seeks communion with the skies,  
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be  
Days of peace and joy in thee,  
*cr* Till in heaven our souls repose,  
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

AMEN.

S. F. SMITH.

## 6 The Holy Spirit.

- mf* 1 Light of life, seraphic Fire,  
Love divine, Thyself impart;  
Every fainting soul inspire;  
Enter every drooping heart; —

- 2 Every mournful sinner cheer;  
Scatter all our guilty gloom;  
Father! in Thy grace appear,  
To Thy human temples come.
- 3 Come, in this accepted hour,  
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in,  
Fill us with Thy glorious power,  
Set us free from all our sin.
- 4 Nothing more can we require,  
We will covet nothing less;  
Be Thou all our heart's desire,  
All our joy, and all our peace.

AMEN.

C. WESLEY.

## 7 Hymn at Parting.

- mf* 1 Thou, from whom we never part,  
Thou, whose love is everywhere,  
Thou, who seest every heart,  
*dim* Listen to our evening prayer.
- 2 Father, fill our hearts with love,  
Love unfailing, full and free;  
Love that no alarm can move,  
Love that ever rests on Thee.
- 3 Heavenly Father! through the night  
Keep us safe from every ill;  
*cr* Cheerful as the morning light,  
May we wake to do Thy will.

AMEN.

# LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4.

ITALIAN.

*mp* *cres.*

Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

*f*

Let us each Thy love pos - sessing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace.  
Oh, re - fresh us, oh, re - fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil - der - ness. AMEN.

8

*mp* 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
*cr* Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace.  
|| : O refresh us, : ||  
*f* Travelling thro' this wilderness.

*f* 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
|| : Ever faithful : ||  
To the truth may we be found.

*f* 3 So, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
|| : May we ever : ||  
Reign with Christ in endless day!

AMEN.

Walter Shirley, 1779.

9

*mf* 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
*cr* Hold me with Thy powerful hand;  
|| : Bread of heaven ! : ||  
Feed me now and evermore.

*f* 2 Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing streams do  
flow;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
|| : Strong deliverer ! : ||  
Be Thou still my Strength and  
Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling  
current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
|| : Songs of praises : ||  
I will ever give to Thee. AMEN.

William Williams, 1773.

# STILL, STILL WITH THEE, MY GOD.

GABRIEL. S. M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/2 time signature. The tempo is marked as 80 beats per minute. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and a steady rhythm. The lyrics are written below the notes.

*mf* 1 Still, still with Thee, my God, I would de - sire to be : By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee. A - MEN.

## 10 "Still with Thee."

- mf* 1 Still, still with Thee, my God,  
I would desire to be :  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee when dawn comes in,  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning to begin  
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- dim* *p* 3 With Thee when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind ;  
*cr* The setting, as the rising sun  
With Thee my heart would find.
- mf* 4 With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
Abiding I would be ;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with Thee.

AMEN.

J. D. Burns.

## 11 "Closing hour."

- mf* 1 Lord, at this closing hour,  
Establish every heart  
Upon Thy word of truth and power,  
To keep us when we part.
- mp* 2 Peace to our brethren give ;  
Fill all our hearts with love ;  
In faith and patience may we live,  
And seek our rest above.
- p*

- mf* 3 Through changes, bright or drear,  
We would Thy will pursue ;  
*cr* And toil to spread Thy kingdom  
here,  
*f* Till we its glory view.
- f* 4 To God, the only wise,  
In every age adored,  
Let glory from the church arise  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord !

AMEN.

E. T. Fitch.

## 12 At dismissal.

- mf* 1 Once more, before we part,  
Oh, bless the Saviour's name !  
Let every tongue and every heart  
Adore and praise the same.
- 2 Lord, in Thy grace we came,  
That blessing still impart ;  
We met in Jesus' sacred name,  
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on Thy holy word  
Help us to feed and grow,  
Still to go on to know the Lord,  
And practice what we know.
- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,  
Help us to bless Thy name :  
*cr* Let every tongue and every heart  
Adore and praise the same. AMEN.

J. Hart.

# SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

HOLLEY 7s.

GEO. HEWS.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way.

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A - MEN.

13

- p* 1 Softly now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away.  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with Thee.
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.
- mp* 3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away;  
*p* Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
*cr* Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:
- mp* 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

AMEN.

14

Separation.

- mf* 1 For a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever present Friend.
- 2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer,  
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!  
Let Thy mercy and Thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 Then if Thou Thy help afford,  
Joyful songs to Thee shall rise,  
And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
Who regards our humble cries.

J. Newton.

15

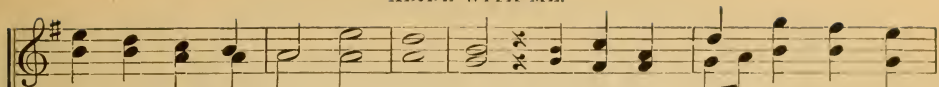
ABIDE WITH ME.

NEW EVENTIDE.

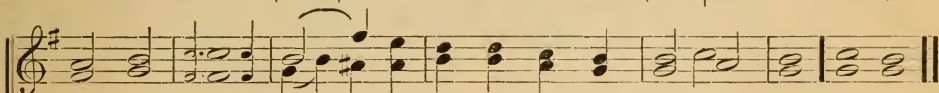
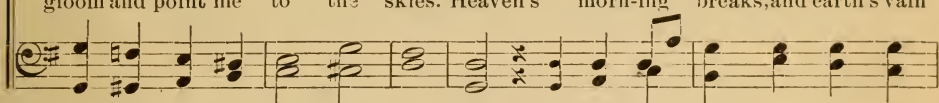
H. F. LYTE. W. F. SUDDS.

*mf* 1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide, *p* The dark - ness  
*mp* 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; *p* Earth's joys grow  
*f* 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; *cr* What but Thy  
*mp* 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; *cr* Shine thro' the

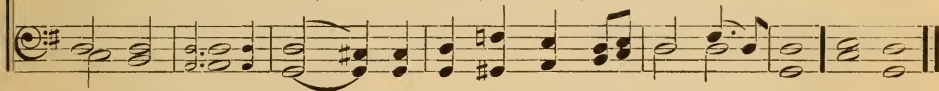
ABIDE WITH ME.



deep-ens, Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers fail and  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way. Change and de - cay in all a -  
grace can foil the temp - ter's power? Who like Thy - self my guide and  
gloom and point me to the skies. Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain



com - forts flee; *f* Help of the help - less, *p* Oh, a - bide with me.  
round I see; *mf* O Thou who chang - est not, *p* a - bide with me.  
stay can be? *f* Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, *p* a - bide with me.  
shad - ows flee! *dim* In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. A - MEN.

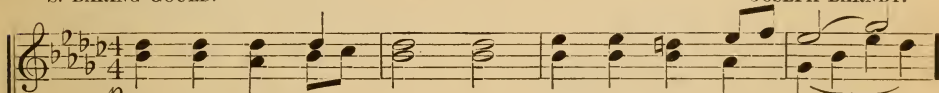


16

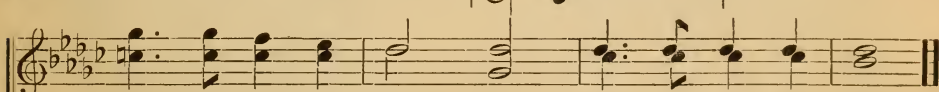
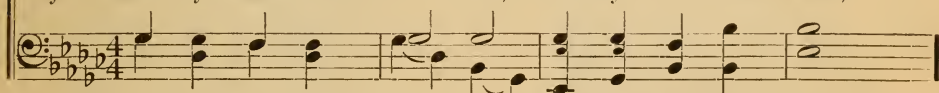
NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

S. BARING GOULD.

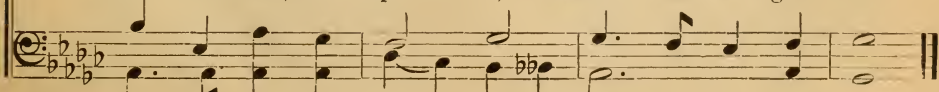
JOSEPH BARNBY.



*p* 1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . .  
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; . .  
3. Thro' the long night - watch - es *cr* May Thine an - gels spread . .  
*mf* 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise . . .  
*mf* 5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son, . .



Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.  
With Thy ten - d' rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.  
Their white wings a - bove us, *p* Watch - ing round each bed.  
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.  
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.



steal a - cross the sky.

# THE DAY IS PAST AND GONE.

TWILIGHT. S. M.

W. F. SUDDS.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear, Oh,  
may we all remember well The night of death draws near. A - MEN.

17

*Home Hymn.*

- mf* 1 The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear ;  
*cr* Oh, may we all remember well  
*dim* The night of death draws near !  
*p* 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest ;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possessed.  
*mp* 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
*cr* Secure from all our fears ;  
*mf* May angels guard us while we sleep,  
*dim* Till morning light appears.  
*mf* 4 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
Oh, may we in Thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of Thy love. AMEN.

J. Leland.

18

*Sabbath Ended.*

- m* 1 The day of praise is done ;  
The evening shadows fall ;  
Yet pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all !  
2 Around Thy throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

- 3 Too faint our anthems here ;  
Too soon of praise we tire ;  
*cr* But oh, the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir !  
*mf* 4 Shine Thou within us, then,  
A day that knows no end,  
Till songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.

AMEN.  
A. Steele.

19

*Evening.*

- mf* 1 The swift declining day,  
*cr* How fast its moments fly,  
While evening's broad and gloomy  
shade  
Gains on the western sky.  
2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,  
And use the hours of light ;  
And know, its Maker can command  
At once eternal night.  
*mf* 3 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the whirling sphere ;  
Submissive at His footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.  
4 Then shall new lustre break  
Through death's impending gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging light,  
In your celestial home. AMEN.

P. Doddridge.

# HOLY FATHER, HEAR MY CRY.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s D.

H. BONAR. J. BLUMENTHAL.

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, hear my cry, Ho - ly Saviour, bend Thine ear; Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh, Father, Sa - viour, Spir - it, hear! Father, save me from my sin, Saviour, I Thy mercy crave, Gracious Spirit, make me clean, Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, save. AMEN.

20

*mf* 1 Holy Father, hear my cry,  
 Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear;  
 Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh,  
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!  
 Father, save me from my sin,  
*cr* Saviour, I thy mercy crave,  
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

*mf* 2 Father, let me taste Thy love,  
*dim* Saviour, fill my soul with peace;  
*cr* Spirit, come my heart to move:  
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!  
*mf* Father, Son, and Spirit — Thou  
*cr* One Jehovah, shed abroad  
 All Thy grace within me now;  
 Be my Father and my God! AMEN.

21 "Holy, holy, holy.

*mf* 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord [earth,  
 God of Hosts! when heaven and  
 Out of darkness, at Thy word  
 Issued into glorious birth,

All Thy works before Thee stood,  
 And Thine eye beheld them good,  
 While they sung with sweet accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,  
 One Jehovah evermore,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,  
 Dust and ashes, would adore:  
 Lightly by the world esteemed,  
 From that world by Thee redeemed,  
 Sing we here with glad accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all [sing  
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall  
 While the ransomed nations fall  
 At the footstool of their King:  
 Then shall saints and seraphim,  
 Harps and voices, swell the hymn,  
 Blending in sublime accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord! AMEN.

James Montgomery.

# THUS FAR THE LORD HAS LED ME ON.

HEBRON. L. M.

MASON.

*mf*

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His power pro - longs my days;  
And ev-ery evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace, A - MEN.

22

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;<br/>Thus far His power prolongs my days;<br/>And every evening shall make known<br/>Some fresh memorial of His grace.</p> <p>2 Much of my time has run to waste,<br/>And I, perhaps, am near my home,<br/>But He forgives my follies past,<br/><i>cr</i> And gives me strength for days to<br/>come.</p> | <p><i>p</i> 3 I lay my body down to sleep;<br/>Peace is the pillow for my head;<br/>While well-appointed angels keep<br/>Their watchful stations round my bed.</p> <p>4 Thus when the night of death shall come,<br/>My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,<br/><i>cr</i> And wait Thy voice to break my tomb,<br/><i>f</i> With sweet salvation in the sound.<br/>AMEN.</p> |
|--|---|

# LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

FLOTOW. 8s. 7s. D.

Arr. from FLOTOW for this work.

*mp*

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of Heaven, to earth come down. Fix in

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

me Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus, Thou art

all com-compassion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal -

va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trembling heart, Enter every trembling heart. A-MEN.

23

*mp* 1 Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of Heaven, to earth come down;  
Fix in me Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.  
*p* Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

*p* 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast!  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find Thy promised rest;  
*cr* Take away the love of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be,—  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.

*mf* 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.  
*cr* Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

*mf* 4 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be:  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee.  
*cr* Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place:  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
*f* Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

A-MEN

# HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGEL.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the bass line is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'How gen - tle God's commands ! How kind His pre - cepts are ! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - MEN.' The piece ends with a double bar line.

24

"He careth."

*p* 1 How gentle God's commands !  
How kind His precepts are !  
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust His constant care.

*p* 2 Beneath His watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell ,  
*cr* That hand which bears creation up  
Shall guard His children well.

*mf* 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind ?  
*cr* Haste to your heavenly Father's  
throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

*mf* 4 His goodness stands approved,  
Unchanged from day to day :  
I'll drop my burden at His feet.  
*f* And bear a song away. AMEN.  
P. Doddridge.

Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
*cr* The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven. AMEN.  
Timothy Dwight, 1800.

26

1 While my Redeemer's near,  
*mp* My Shepherd, and my Guide,  
I bid farewell to every fear ;  
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,  
*cr* Where rich abundance grows,  
His gracious hand indulgent leads ,  
*dim* And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
*mf* My wandering feet restore ;  
And guard me with Thy watchful eye,  
And let me rove no more. AMEN.  
Anne Steele, 1760.

25

Psalm 137.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God ;  
Her walls before Thee stand,

# ARISE, YE SAINTS, ARISE.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

A - rise, ye saints, a - rise! The Lord our Lead-er is; The foe be -  
fore His ban - ner flies, And vic - to - ry is His. A - MEN.

27

*Psalm 60.*

- f* Arise, ye saints, arise!  
The Lord our Leader is;  
The foe before His banner flies,  
And victory is His.
- mf* 2 We soon shall see the day  
When all our toils shall cease;  
When we shall cast our arms away,  
*dim* And dwell in endless peace.
- f* 3 This hope supports us here;  
*p* It makes our burdens light;  
'T will serve our drooping hearts to  
cheer,  
*cr* Till faith shall end in sight.
- f* 4 Till, of the prize possessed,  
We hear of war no more;  
*p* And ever with our Leader rest,  
On yonder peaceful shore. AMEN.  
T. Kelly.

28

*Psalm 31.*

- mf* 1 My spirit on Thy care,  
Blest Saviour, I recline;  
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
For Thou art love divine.
- p* 2 In Thee I place my trust;  
*dim* On Thee I calmly rest:  
*mf* I know Thee good, I know Thee  
just,  
And count Thy choice the best.

- 3 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform;  
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.

- 4 Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me,—  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee. AMEN.  
H. F. Lyte.

29

*Psalm 29.*

- mf* 1 My eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord;  
*dim* I love to plead His promises,  
And rest upon His word.
- 2 When shall the sovereign grace  
Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dangerous  
ways  
My wandering feet have trod?
- 3 Oh, keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame!  
For I have placed my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.
- 4 With humble faith I wait  
To see Thy face again;  
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,  
He sought the Lord in vain.  
AMEN.  
I. Watts.

# SUN OF MY SOUL.

HURSLEY. S.M.

GERMAN.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A-MEN.

30

*mf* 1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near ;  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

*p* 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My weary eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

*mf* 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;

*p* Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

*mf* 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

*mf* 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
*p* Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

*cr* 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere thro' the world our way we take ;  
*f* Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

AMEN.

# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6s. 5s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe.

REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore. A-MEN.

With the cross of

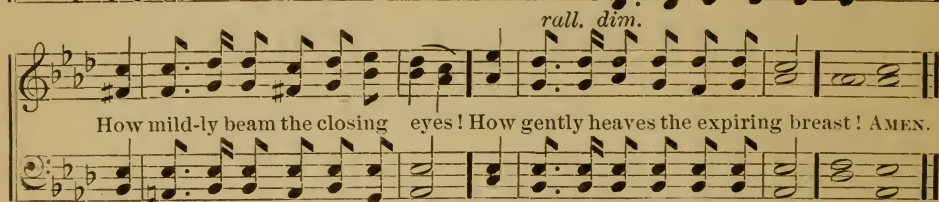
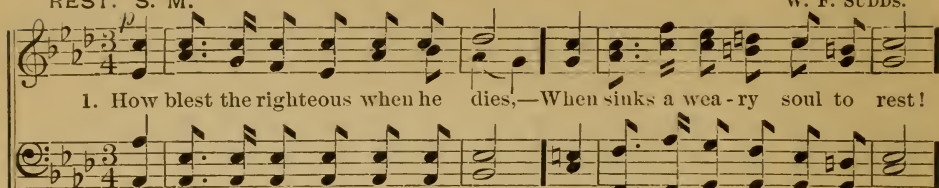
31

- 1 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.  
Christ, the royal Master,  
Leads against the foe ;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.
- f* 2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee ;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory.  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise ;

- Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
Onward, *etc.*
- 3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God ;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod ;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, *etc.*
- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain ;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail ;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, *etc.* AMEN.

REST. S. M.

W. F. SUDDS.



2 So fades a summer-cloud away;  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
 So gently shuts the eye of day;  
 So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—  
 A calm which life nor death destroys;  
 And naught disturbs that peace profound,  
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,  
*cr* Light from its load the spirit flies;  
 While heaven and earth combine to say,  
*dim* "How blest the righteous when he dies!" AMEN.

A. L. Barbauld.

### 33 Heaven alone unfading.

*mp* 1 How vain is all beneath the skies!  
 How transient every earthly bliss!  
 How slender all the fondest ties  
 That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
 The withering grass, the fading flower,  
*cr* Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—  
*dim* The glory of a passing hour.

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
 And all beneath the skies is vain,

*cr* There is a land whose confines lie  
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.  
*mf* 4 Then let the hope of joys to come  
 Dispel our cares and chase our fears:

If God be ours, we're traveling home,  
*dim* Though passing through a vale of tears. AMEN.

D. E. Ford.

### 34

Psalm 17.

*mp* 1 What sinners value I resign;  
 Lord! 't is enough that Thou art mine;  
*cr* I shall behold Thy blissful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream — an empty show;  
*f* But the bright world, to which I go,  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
 When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!  
 I shall be near, and like my God;  
 And flesh and sin no more control  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

*p* 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
*f* Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
 Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,  
 And in my Saviour's image rise!

AMEN.

I. Watts.

JORDAN. C. M.

W. F. SUDDS.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;  
E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. A - MEN.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green;  
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross the narrow sea;  
And linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumined eyes:
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore. AMEN.

## 36

Heaven.

- mp* 1 Christ leads me through no darker  
rooms  
Than he went through before;  
*cr* ||: And he that in God's kingdom comes: ||  
Must enter by this door.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made  
me meet  
Thy blesséd face to see;

||: For if Thy work on earth be sweet, :||  
What must Thy glory be!

*mp* 3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
*p* And weary, sinful days,

*cr* ||: And join with the triumphant saints: ||  
To sing Jehovah's praise.

*mf* 4 My knowledge of that life is small;  
The eye of faith is dim;

*f* ||: But 't is enough that Christ knows  
all, :||

And I shall be with Him ! AMEN.

## 37

*m* 1 How long shall earth's alluring toys  
Detain our hearts and eyes,  
Regardless of immortal joys,  
And strangers to the skies?

2 These transient scenes will soon decay,  
*dim* They fade upon the sight;  
*cr* And quickly will their brightest day  
*dim* Be lost in endless night.

*mf* 3 Their brightest day, alas ! how vain !  
*p* With conscious sighs we own;  
*p* While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain  
*dim* O'ershade the smiling noon.

*mf* 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
*f* To those bright worlds beyond the sky,  
Which sorrow ne'er invades !

AMEN.

# JOY TO THE WORLD! THE LORD IS COME.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arranged.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing. A-MEN.  
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

38

*"The Lord reigneth."*

- f* 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come:  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love. AMEN.

# HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES.

EASTER. 8s & 7s.

W. F. SUDDS.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoice - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:

See, He sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world alone. A-MEN.

39

"Jesus reigns."

*f* 1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above;  
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;  
Jesus reigns, the God of love:  
See, He sits on yonder throne;  
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever —  
Thine an everlasting crown;  
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever  
Those whom Thou hast made  
Thine own; —  
Happy objects of Thy grace,  
Destined to behold Thy face.

*p* 3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;  
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass  
away; —  
*ff* Then, with golden harps we'll sing, —  
"Glory, glory to our King!" AMEN.

T. Kelly.

40

The return to heaven.

*f* 1 Jesus comes, His conflict over, —  
Comes to claim His great reward;  
Angels round the Victor hover,  
Crowding to behold their Lord;  
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring.  
Crown Him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne, for Him erected,  
Now becomes the Victor's seat;  
*dim* Lo, the Man on earth rejected!  
Angels worship at His feet:

*f* Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,  
*cr* Crown Him, everlasting King.

*f* 3 Day and night they cry before Him,  
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"  
All the powers of heaven adore  
Him, —  
All obey His sovereign word;  
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,  
Crown Him, everlasting King. AMEN.

T. Kelly.

# NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

L. MASON.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

By permission of O. Ditson & Co.

*mf* \* A *p*

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it be a cross

B *cr.*

That rais - eth me; . . Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

*dim.* C *p* D

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A-MEN.

41

- mf* 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee,  
*p* E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
*cr* Still all my song shall be,  
*dim* Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !
- p* 2 Though like a wanderer,  
Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
*cr* Yet in my dreams I'd be  
*dim* Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*p* Nearer to Thee !
- mf* 3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;

- cr* Angels to beckon me  
*dim* Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*p* Nearer to Thee !
- mf* 4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise ;  
*cr* So by my woes to be  
*dim* Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*p* Nearer to Thee !
- f* 5 Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
*dim* Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
*p* Nearer to Thee !

AMEN

\* 2nd Tenors should be very prominent from A to B, and from C to D.

# NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

SECOND TUNE.

W. F. SUDDS.

*mf*

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it be a cross,

*mp* *cr.*

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

*dim.* *pp*

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

## 42 "Heaven is home."

- mp* 1 I'm but a stranger here, —  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Earth is a desert drear, —  
 Heaven is my home;  
*cr* Danger and sorrow stand  
 Round me on every hand,  
 Heaven is my Fatherland,  
*dim.* Heaven is my home.
- f* 2 What though the tempests rage?  
*dim.* Heaven is my home;  
 Short is my pilgrimage,  
 Heaven is my home;

- cr* And time's wild, wintry blast  
 Soon will be overpast,  
 I shall reach home at last, —  
*dim.* Heaven is my home.

- 3 Therefore I murmur not, —  
 Heaven is my home;  
 Whate'er my earthly lot,  
 Heaven is my home;  
 And I shall surely stand  
*cr* There, at my Lord's right hand;  
 Heaven is my Fatherland,  
*dim.* Heaven is my home. **AMEN.**

T. R. Taylor.

# BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

*mf*

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts with Chris-tian love: The

fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove. A-MEN.

## 43 "Christian Love."

- mf* 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love ;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
*dim.* Our fears, our hopes, our aims are  
one,  
Our coinforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
*cr* But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- f* 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- p* 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free,

- f* And perfect love and friendship  
reign  
Through all eternity. **AMEN.**  
J. Fawcett.

## 44 Christ's Presence.

- mf* 1 Jesus, we look to Thee,  
Thy promised presence claim ;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in Thy name.
- 2 Not in the name of pride  
Or selfishness we meet ;  
From nature's paths we turn aside,  
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 3 We meet the grace to take,  
Which Thou hast freely given ;  
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.
- 4 Present we know Thou art,  
But, oh, Thyself reveal !  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
Thy mighty comfort feel.
- 5 Oh, may Thy quickening voice  
The death of sin remove ;  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,  
In hope of perfect love. **AMEN.**  
C. Wesley.

# AWAKE, MY SOUL, STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev-ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav'nly

race demands thy zeal, And an im-mortal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. A-MEN.

45

- f* 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye;
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun; [feet  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy  
*dim* I'll lay my honors down. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge, 1775.

46

- f* 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain  
Supported by Thy word.
- 4 When the illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine. AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1709. *alt.*

47

- f* 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend His cause;  
Maintain the honor of His word,  
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His name.  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame.  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure  
What I've committed to His hands.  
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place. AMEN.

Isaac Watts 1709.

# ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal di - a - dem.

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

48

"Lord of all."

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.  
E. Perronet.

49

Rev. 5. 13.

- f* 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their  
tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- m* 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus."
- cr* "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
*dim* "For He was slain for us."
- f* 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise.

AMEN.

# COME, MY SOUL, THY SUIT PREPARE.

DALLAS. 7s.

CHERUBINI.

*mf*

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer pray'r;  
He, Him-self, has bid thee pray; Therefore will not say thee nay. AMEN.

50

- mf* 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He, Himself, has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- mf* 2 Thou art coming to a King, —  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- dim* 3 With my burden I begin:  
*p* Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- p* 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
*cr* There Thy blood-bought right main-  
tain,  
And without a rival reign.
- mf* 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

- mf* 6 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
*dim* Let me die Thy people's death. AMEN.

51

*God everywhere.*

- mf* 1 They who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- mp* 2 In our sickness and our health,  
In our want, or in our wealth,  
*cr* If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
- dim* 3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the foes of life prevail,  
*cr* 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;  
God is present everywhere.
- f* 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To Thy Father come, and wait;  
He will answer every prayer:  
God is present everywhere. AMEN.

ANON.

*mf* 1. Je - sus, and shall it ever be, A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee?  
*m* 2. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear friend *cr.* On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend?  
*cr.* A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?  
 No; when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name. AMEN.

*m*<sup>x2</sup> Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend  
*cr* On whom my hopes of heaven depend,  
 No; when I blush be this my shame,  
*dim* That I no more revere His name.

*m*<sup>x3</sup> Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

<sup>x</sup> 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
*cr* And oh, may this my glory be,  
*f* That Christ is not ashamed of me!

AMEN.

Joseph Grigg, 1765; alt. by Benj. Francis, 1787.

53

*f* 1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
 And gird the gospel armor on;  
*cr* March to the gates of endless joy,  
 Where thy great Captain-Saviour's  
 gone.

*f* 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course:  
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;  
 Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
 And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;  
 There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.  
 And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
 And triumph in almighty grace,  
 While all the armies of the skies  
 Join in my glorious leader's praise.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

54

*mf* 1 So let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess,  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

*f* 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Saviour God,  
 When His salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

<sup>x</sup> 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
 While justice, temperance, truth, and  
 love,  
 Our inward piety approve.

<sup>x</sup> 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on His word.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

\* The small note, at beginning of above tune should be used only for those stanzas marked thus: X

# THROUGH EVERY AGE, ETERNAL GOD.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

*mf*

1. Through ev - 'ry age, e - ter - nal God! Thou art our Rest, our safe a - bode ;  
 High was Thy throne, ere heav'n was made, Or earth Thy hum - ble foot - stool laid. AMEN.

55

Psalm 90.

*mf* Through every age, eternal God !  
 Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode ;  
 High was Thy Throne, ere heaven was  
 made,  
 Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst Thou reigned, ere time  
 began,

Or dust was fashioned into man ;  
 And long Thy kingdom shall endure,  
 When earth and time shall be no more.

*p* 3 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
*cr* Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;  
*p* An empty tale ; a morning flower,  
*dim* Cut down, and withered in an hour.

*m* 4 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,  
 And kindly lengthen out our span,  
*cr* Till Thine own grace, so rich, so free,  
 Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

56

"His beloved sleep."

*m* 1 Why should we start, and fear to die ?  
 What timorous worms we mortals  
 are !

*cr* Death is the gate of endless joy,  
*dim* And yet we dread to enter there.

*m* 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife  
*cr* Fright our approaching souls away ;  
*dim* We still shrink back again to life,  
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

*mf* 3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,  
 My soul should stretch her wings  
 in haste,  
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

*p* 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
 While on His breast I lean my head,  
*dim* And breathe my life out sweetly  
 there !  
 AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

57

*f* 1 Sovereign of worlds, display Thy power ;  
 Be this Thy Zion's favored hour :  
 Oh, bid the morning star arise ;  
 Oh, point the heathen to the skies,

2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,  
 In western wilds and eastern plains :  
 Far let the gospel's sound be known :  
 Make Thou the universe Thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy  
 voice ;  
 Speak, and the desert shall rejoice ;  
 Dispel the gloom of heathen night ;  
 Bid every nation hail the light. AMEN.

B. H. Draper. 1816.

SKERRITT. L. M.

W. F. SUDDS.

*mf* 1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du-ty in Thy word;  
But in Thy life the law ap-pears Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters. AMEN.

*mf* 2 Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will,  
Such love and meekness so divine,

*f* I would transcribe and make them mine.

*mf* 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;  
The desert Thy temptations knew,  
*f* Thy conflict, and Thy victory, too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here:  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name

*dim* Among the followers of the Lamb.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

## 59

*mf* 1 How beauteous were the marks divine  
That in Thy meekness used to shine,  
That lit Thy lonely pathway trod  
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

*p* 3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?  
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,  
So glorious in humility?

*mf* 4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,

Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;

Yet love through all Thy torture  
glowed,

And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,  
Illuming all my way of woe!

And give me ever on the road  
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

AMEN.

Arthur C. Coxe, 1838, *ab.*

## 60

*mf* 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,

And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,

To heaven He led His followers' way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

*p* 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;

*dim* Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"  
*cr* Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

AMEN.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

# WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

GERMAN.

*mf*

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. AMEN.

## 61 "The wondrous Cross."

*mf* 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord ! that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

*p* 3 See, from His head, His hands, His  
feet,

*cr* Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

*p* 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er His body on the tree ;  
Then I am dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

*mf* 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
*f* Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

## 62 "For me."

*mf* 1 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,  
Became a man of griefs for me ;  
In love, though rich, becoming poor,  
That I through Him enriched might  
be.

*p* 2 Though Lord of all, above, below,  
He went to Olivet for me :  
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,  
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blesséd Son of God  
Went up to Calvary for me ;  
There paid my debt, there bore my  
load,  
In His own body on the tree.

*dim* 4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,  
*cr* Went down into the grave for me ;  
*f* There overcame my enemies,  
*f* There won the glorious victory.

*f* 5 'Tis finished all : the vail is rent,  
The welcome sure, the access free :—  
Now then, we leave our banishment,  
O Father, to return to Thee. AMEN.

H. Bonar.

# SOON MAY THE LAST GLAD SONG ARISE.

MISSIONARY SONG. L. M.

C. ZEUNER.

*f* 1 Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Through all the mil - lions of the skies —

That song of tri-umph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's! AMEN.

63

*The last song.*

*f* 1 Soon may the last glad song arise  
Through all the millions of the skies —  
That song of triumph which records  
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms  
be

Obedient, mighty God, to Thee!  
And, over land and stream and main,  
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,  
Let host to host the triumph tell,  
That not one rebel heart remains,  
But over all the Saviour reigns!

AMEN.

Mrs. Voke.

64

*Missionary Convocation.*

1 Assembled at Thy great command,  
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand;  
The voice that marshaled every star,  
Has called Thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled;  
Along the line, to either pole,  
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,  
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;  
Our counsels aid, to each impart  
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,  
Recall the wandering spirits home;  
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,  
To spread the spacious earth around.

AMEN.

W. B. Collyer.

65

*p* 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturb'd repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet;  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its painful sting!

*cr* 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
*dim* No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
*cr* Waiting the summons from on high.

*p* 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But there is still a blessed sleep,  
*dim* From which none ever wakes to weep.

AMEN.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive jour-neys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. AMEN.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

*dim* 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
*cr* The prisoner leaps to lose His chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

*f* 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

## 67

*mf* 1 Though now the nations sit beneath  
*cr* The darkness of o'erspreading death,  
*f* God will arise with light divine,  
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,  
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,  
Shall come, Thy glory, Lord, to see,  
And in Thy courts to worship Thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise,  
Let the glad morning bless our eyes;  
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,  
And hail the splendors of the day.

AMEN.

Leonard Bacon, 1823, a.

## 68

## Psalm 72.

*f* 1 Great God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey;  
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,  
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

*m* 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall He send His influence down;  
His grace on fainting souls distils  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands that lie beneath  
The shade of overspreading death,  
*cr* Revive at His first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

*f* 4 The saints shall flourish in His days,  
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;  
Peace, like a river, from His throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise!

The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace! A-MEN.

*Thanks for victory.*

2 My gracious Master and my God !

Assist me to proclaim,

To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy name.

*m* 3 Jesus — the name that calms my fears,  
That bids my sorrows ease ;

*cr* "Tis music to my ravished ears ;  
"Tis life, and health,\* and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,  
Shall feel our sins forgiven ;  
Anticipate our heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

AMEN.

C. Wesley.

70

*"Remember me."*

*mf* 1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,  
*cr* I lift my soul to Thee ;

In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,

*dim* O Lord, remember me !

*m* 2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart ;  
Thus, Lord, remember me !

*m* 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,

*cr* Oh, let my strength be as my day —  
Dear Lord, remember me !

*p* 4 When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait Thy just decree,

*cr* Be this the prayer of my last breath :  
Now, Lord, remember me ! AMEN.

T. Haweis.

71

*"Jesus only."*

*m* 1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast ;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see  
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind !

3 O Hope of every contrite heart !  
O Joy of all the meek !  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art !  
How good to those who seek !

*f* 4 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be ;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity. AMEN.

E. Caswell, tr.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side a heal - ing flood,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. A-MEN.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 3/2 time and B-flat major. The score consists of three systems of staves. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system begins with a *dim.* dynamic. The third system begins with a *cr.* dynamic. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

- 2 Not the Labor of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## 73

"Manifest thyself."

- m* 2 Son of God ! to Thee I cry :  
*dim* By the holy mystery  
*m* Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
*cr* By Thy pure and holy birth,  
Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
Manifest Thyself to me.
- mf* 2 Prince of Life ! to Thee I cry :  
By Thy glorious majesty,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
*dim* Meek to suffer, strong to save,  
*cr* Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
Manifest Thyself to me.
- f* 3 Lord of glory, God most high,  
Man exalted to the sky !  
With Thy love my bosom fill,  
Prompt me to perform Thy will ;  
Then Thy glory I shall see,  
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

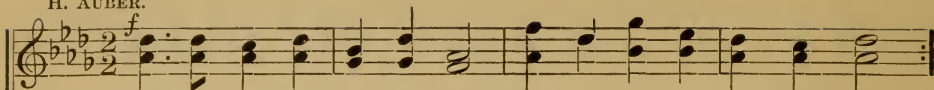
AMEN

R. Mant.

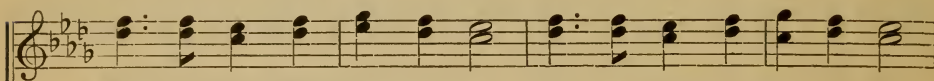
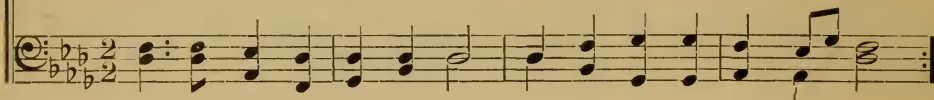
## HASTEN, LORD! THE GLORIOUS TIME.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s D.

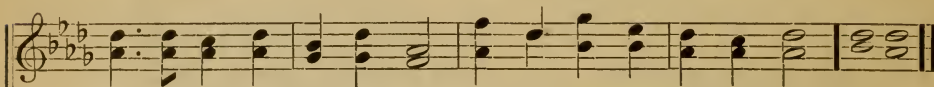
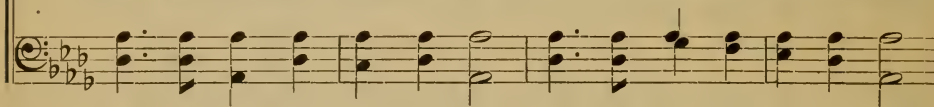
H. AUER.



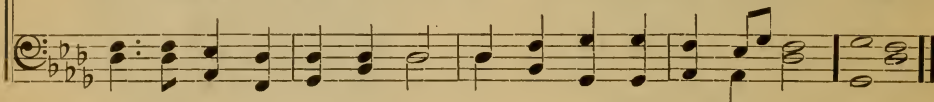
1. { Has - ten, Lord! the glo-rious time When, be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway, }  
 Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry cline, Shall the gos-pel's call o - bey. }
2. { Then shall wars and tu-mults cease, Then be ban-ish'd grief and pain; }  
 Righteous-ness and joy and peace Un - dis-turbed shall ev - er reign. }



Might - iest kings His pow'r shall own, Heath - en tribes His name a - dore;  
 Bless we, then, our gra - cious Lord; Ev - er praise His glo-rious name;



Sa - tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.  
 All His might-y acts re - cord; All His wondrous love pro-claim. A-MEN.



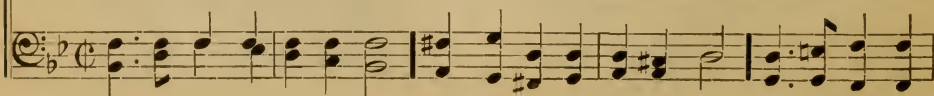
## SAVIOUR WHEN, IN DUST TO THEE.

TOWNLEY. 7s D.

W. F. SUDDS.



Saviour, when, in dust to Thee, Low we bow th' a-dor-ing knee, When re-pent-ant



to the skies, Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes; Oh, by all Thy pains and woe, Suffered once for

man be-low. Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn Lit - a - ny. A - MEN.

- mf* 2 By Thy birth and early years,  
By Thy human griefs and fears,  
By Thy fasting and distress  
In the lonely wilderness,  
By Thy victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power ;  
*dim* Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
*p* Hear our solemn litany.
- mf* 3 By Thy conflict with despair,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
*dim* By the purple robe of scorn,  
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,  
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,  
By Thy perfect sacrifice ;  
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;  
Hear our solemn litany.
- pp* 4 By Thy deep expiring groan,  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,  
*cr* By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By Thy power from death to save ;  
*f* Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
To Thy throne in heaven restored,  
*mf* Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,  
*p* Hear our solemn litany. AMEN.

## 76 "Son of Mary."

- p* 1 When our heads are bowed with woe ;—  
When our bitter tears o'erflow ;—  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- mf* Thou our feeble flesh hast worn ;  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
- dim* Thou hast shed the human tear :  
*p* Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- mp* 2 When the heart is sad within,  
With the thought of all its sin ;  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !  
Thou, the shame, the grief hast known ;  
Though the sins were not Thine own,  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- p* 3 When our eyes grow dim in death ;  
When we heave the parting breath ;  
When our solemn doom is near,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !  
Thou hast bowed the dying head ;  
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear ! AMEN.

R. Heber.

# JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

MARTYN. 7s D.

S. B. MARSH.

*p* 1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly; . . . }  
*cr.* { While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high: . . . }

*mf*  
 Hide me, O my Sav-iour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;

*dim.*  
 Safe in - to the hav-en guide, Oh, receive my soul at last. . . . A-MEN.

77

*p* 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly ;  
*cr* While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high :  
 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past,  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

*mf* 2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
*p* Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,

*cr* Still support and comfort me :  
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;  
 All my help from Thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
*p* With the shadow of Thy wing.

*mf* 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin ;  
*cr* Let the healing streams abound,  
*f* Make and keep me pure within :  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee ;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity. AMEN.

# ON THE MOUNTAIN'S TOP APPEARING.

ZION. 8, 7, & 4s.

T. HASTINGS.

*mf* *dim.*

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sacred her-ald stands, } Mourning captive!  
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on long in hostile lands: }

*cr.*

God Himself shall loose Thy bands, Mourning cap-tive! God Him-self shall loose Thy bands. AMEN.

## 78 The gospel herald.

*mf* 1 On the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing —  
Zion long in hostile lands :  
*dim* Mourning captive !  
*cr* God Himself shall loose Thy bands.

*mp* 2 Has Thy night been long and mourn-  
ful ?  
Have Thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have Thy foes been proud and  
scornful ?  
By Thy sighs and tears unmoved ?  
Cease Thy mourning ;  
*cr* Zion still is well beloved.

*mf* 3 God, Thy God, will now restore  
Thee ;  
He Himself appears thy Friend ;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;  
Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King will surely send.

AMEN.  
T. Kelly.

## 79 Sun of Righteousness.

*p* 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Cheered by no celestial ray,  
*cr* Sun of righteousness ! arising,  
Bring the bright, the glorious day;  
Send the gospel  
To the earth's remotest bound.

*mf* 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in dark-  
ness, —  
Grant them, Lord ! the glorious  
light :  
And, from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night;  
And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

*f* 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !  
Win and conquer, never cease ;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply and still increase ;  
Sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour ! all the world around.

AMEN.  
W. Williams.

# OH, HAPPY DAY, THAT FIXED MY CHOICE.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Arr. from RIMBAULT.

1. { Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour, and my God : }  
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. }

## REFRAIN.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way. { He taught me  
 And live re -

how to watch and pray. } Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Jesus washed my sins a - way. AMEN.  
 joicing ev - 'ry day. }

80

Deut. 33 : 29.

- 1 O happy day, that fixed my choice  
 On Thee, my Saviour, and my God :  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its rapture all abroad.

## REFRAIN.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To Him who merits all my love :  
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

## REFRAIN.

- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done :  
 I am my Lord's and He is mine :

He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

## REFRAIN.

- 4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart,  
 Fixed on this blissful centre rest ;  
 With ashes who would grudge to part,  
 When called on angel's bread to feast.

## REFRAIN.

- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear ;  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

## AMEN

## REFRAIN.

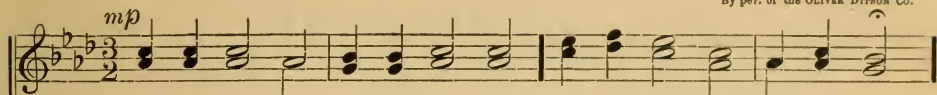
Philip Doddridge, 1755.

# DAYS AND MOMENTS QUICKLY FLYING.

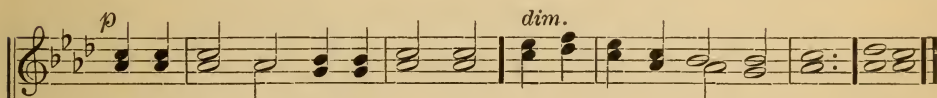
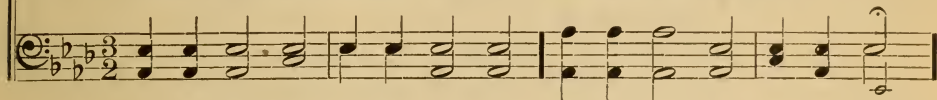
DORRANCE. 8s. 7s.

WOODEBURY.

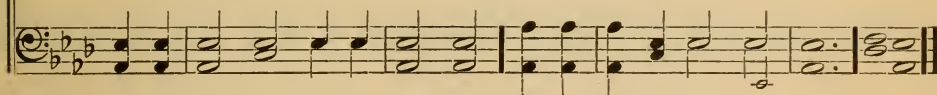
By per. of the OLIVER DITSON CO.



Days and mo-ments quick-ly fly - ing Blend the liv - ing with the dead ;



Soon shall we who sing, be ly - ing, Each with-in our nar-row bed. AMEN.



## 81 *Last Day of the year.*

- mp* 1 Days and moments quickly flying  
Blend the living with the dead ;  
*p* Soon shall we who sing be lying,  
*dim* Each within our narrow bed.
- m* 2 Soon our souls to God who gave them  
*cr* Will have sped their rapid flight ;  
Able now by grace to save them,  
*dim* Oh, that while we can we might !
- mf* 3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,  
Maker of this mighty frame ;  
Teach, oh, teach us to remember  
*dim* What we are, and whence we came:—
- m* 4 Whence we came, and whither wend-  
ing ;  
*dim* Soon we must through darkness go,  
*cr* To inherit bliss unending,  
*dim* Or eternity of woe. AMEN.

E. Caswall.

## 82

- m* 1 God is love ; His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;  
*cr* Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens ;  
*dim* God is wisdom, God is love.
- m* 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;  
Man decays, and ages move ;  
*cr* But His mercy waneth never ;  
*dim* God is wisdom, God is love.
- p* 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will His changeless goodness prove ;  
*cr* From the gloom His brightness  
streameth ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- m* 4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
*cr* Hope and comfort from above :  
Everywhere His glory shineth ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

AMEN.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

# HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

J. READING.

*mf*

How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord Is laid for your faith in His

*cr*

ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say, than to you He hath said, To you who for

refuge to Je-sus hath fled, To you who for re-fuge to Jesus hath fled. AMEN.

83

*mf* 2 Fear not, I am with thee ; O, be not dismayed !  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;

*cr* I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

*mf* 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes ;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake !

AMEN.

K. Rippon's Selection, 1787.

# COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI.

*f* Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise :

{ Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, } Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days. AMEN.  
 { O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, }

84

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
 Our prayer attend :  
 Come, and Thy people bless,  
 And give Thy word success :  
 Spirit of holiness,  
 On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour :  
 Thou who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart ;  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,  
 Eternal praises be  
 Hence, evermore.  
 His sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.

AMEN.

Charles Wesley, 1757.

85

*"Worthy the Lamb!"*

*f* 1 Glory to God on high !  
 Let heaven and earth reply,  
 "Praise ye His name !"  
 His love and grace adore,  
*dim* Who all our sorrows bore ;  
*cr* Sing loud for evermore,  
 "Worthy the Lamb !"

*f* 2 While they around the throne  
 Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising His name, —  
 Ye who have felt His blood  
 Sealing your peace with God,  
 Sound His dear name abroad,  
 "Worthy the Lamb !"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless ;  
 Praise ye His name !  
 In Him we will rejoice,  
 And make a joyful noise,  
 Shouting with heart and voice,  
 "Worthy the Lamb !"

AMEN.

J. Allen.

# MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

H. CARY.

*f*

1. My country, 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing : Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride ! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let freedom ring. AMEN.

86

*f* 1 My country, 't is of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing :  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let freedom ring !

2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love :  
I love Thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

*ff* 3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song ;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

*f* 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing ;  
*ff* Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us with Thy might,  
Great God, our King ! AMEN.  
S. F. Smith, 1833.

87

*f* 1 God bless our native land !  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night :  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might !

2 For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies ;  
On Him we wait :  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State ! AMEN.  
John S. Dwight, 1844.

## VESPER HYMN.

W. F. SUDDS.

*p* 1. Soft - ly fades the sun - set splen - dor, And the light of day grows  
*mp* 2. Day by day comes rich in bless - ing, Night by night brings ho - ly,

*dim.*

*dim.* . . . *cr.* We to Thee our prais - ès ren - der, Sing we  
 grows *dim.*  
*calm* . . . *cr.* Lord, to Thee our praise ad - dress - ing, Ris - es  
 ho - ly *calm.*

*dim.*

thus, our ves - per Hymn . . . Ju - bi - la - te,  
 sing we thus our ves - per hymn.  
 thus, with joy - ful sound . . .  
 ris - es thus, with joy - ful sound. *mf* Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi -

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men, A - men.  
 la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - MEN.

# GOSPEL SONGS.

89

## THE ANGELS ARE WAITING.

WM. L. BLAKESLEE.

CARL BRUCHE.

SOLO.

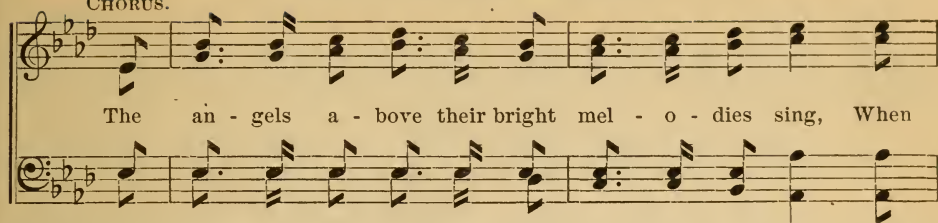
1. The an - gels are wait - ing the news to re - ceive, When  
2. I wish I could sing like the an - gels a - bove, Or

sin - ners of earth, on the Sav - iour be - lieve; There's loud Hal - le - lu - jahs in  
speak like some oth - ers of Christ and His love; I on - ly can pray that our

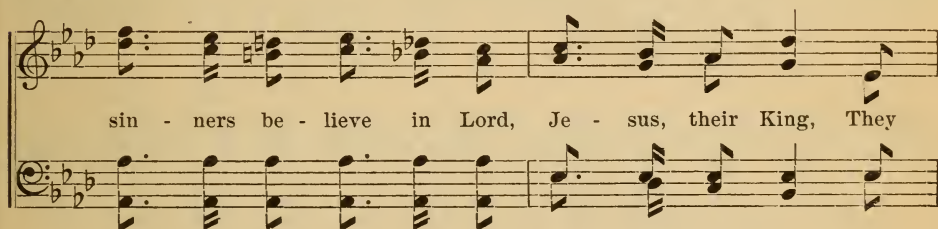
heav - en, we're told, When sin - ners re - pent - ant come in - to the fold.  
sing - ing may preach, While there's a poor sin - ner, God's mer - cy to reach.

THE ANGELS ARE WAITING.

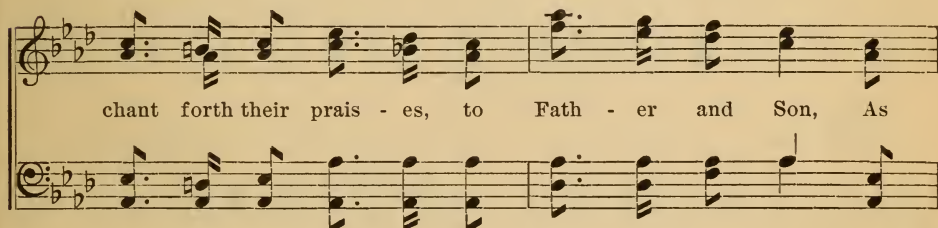
CHORUS.



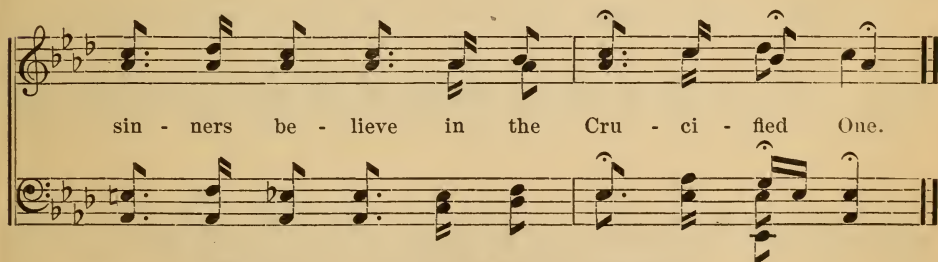
The an - gels a - bove their bright mel - o - dies sing, When



sin - ners be - lieve in Lord, Je - sus, their King, They



chant forth their prais - es, to Fath - er and Son, As



sin - ners be - lieve in the Cru - ci - fled One.

3 The depth of that mercy we never may know,  
It reaches from heaven to earth here below;  
And picks up the sinner from mire and from clay,  
And sends him rejoicing to go on his way. CHO.

4 The riches of earth, they will soon pass away,  
The pleasures of sin, they are but for a day;  
The riches of grace, that to you may be given,  
Will make you an heir to the riches of heaven. CHO.

## SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, MARCH ON.

ALICE M. SCHOFF.

J. R. M.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, march on,      March on in ar - mor clad, With  
 2. Not steel, thy buck - ler strong,      Thy hem - let and thy shield; But  
 3. Then, sol - diers brave, march on,      March on to vic - to - ry; Sin

shield and buck - ler gird - ed strong, With bat - tle - cry most glad.  
 right - eous - ness and faith in God A might - ier pow'r can wield.  
 o - ver - thrown, Right tri - umph - ing With pa - tience we shall see.

## REFRAIN.

March on,

march on,

song, . . .

March on, march on, march on, march on, With ban - ner and with song, with song, And

as we march, we sing His praise, To whom all praise be - longs, be - longs.

## HAIL THIS HAPPY DAY.

W. F. S.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Hail the hap - py day re - turn - ing, Lift to God the voice of joy;  
 2. For the Word of life e - ter - nal, For the mer - cies by the way,  
 3. By and by in heav - nly man - sions, Stand - ing with the ran - somed throng,

Young and old in Him re - joic - ing, Let His praise your tongues em - ploy.  
 For the hope of fu - ture bless - ing, Bring we here our thanks to - day.  
 May we all be found u - nit - ing, In the "no - bler, sweet - er song."

## REFRAIN.

Sing a - loud,

Sing a - loud, Sing a - loud, send the ech - oes far and  
 Sing a - loud, Sing a - loud,

wide, For the Father's lov - ing - kind - ness With us ev - er shall a - bide.  
 far and wide,

GEO. F. ROOT.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -  
 2. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -  
 3. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -

long the Riv - er, The swift - ly flow - ing, re - sist - less tide, The  
 long the Riv - er, A thou - sand dan - gers its cur - rents hide, A  
 long the Riv - er, Our Sav - iour on - ly our bark can guide, Our

swift - ly flow - ing, the swift - ly flow - ing, And soon, ah, soon, the  
 thou - sand dan - gers, a thou - sand dan - gers, And near our course the  
 Sav - iour on - ly, our Sav - iour on - ly, But with Him we se -

end we'll see, Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be Float - ing,  
 rocks we see, Oh, dread - ful tho't! a wreck to be Float - ing,  
 cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be Float - ing,

ALONG THE RIVER OF TIME.

Float - ing, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty, Float - ing,

Float - ing, Float - ing,

*rit.*

Float - ing, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty.

Float - ing,

93

OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

*Not too fast.*

1. Oh, we are vol-un-teers in the ar-m-y of the Lord, Form-ing in-to  
 2. The glo-ry of our flag is the em-blem of the dove Gleaming are our  
 3. Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on ev-'ry side, En-vy, an-ger,  
 4. Oh, glo-rious is the strug-gle in which we draw the sword, Glorious is the

line at our Cap-tain's word; We are un-der marching or-ders to  
 swords from the forge of love; We go forth, but not to bat-tle for  
 ha-tred, with self and pride; They are cru-el, fierce, and strong, ev-er  
 king-dom of Christ our Lord; It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall

# OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

take the bat - tle field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.  
 earth - ly hon - ors vain, 'Tis a bright im - mor - tal crown that we seek to gain.  
 read - y to at - tack, We must watch and fight and pray, if we'd drive them back.  
 reach from shore to shore, And His peo - ple shall be bless - ed for ev - er - more.

## REFRAIN.

Come and join the ar - my, the ar - my of the Lord, Je - sus is our

Cap - tain, we ral - ly at His word; Sharp will be the con - flict

with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a lead - er we are sure to win.

## WHEN JESUS COMES.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Down life's dark vale we wan-der, Till Je-sus comes; We watch and  
 2. Oh, let my lamp be burn-ing When Je-sus comes; For Him my  
 3. No more heart-pangs or sad-ness, When Je-sus comes; All peace and  
 4. All doubts and fears will van-ish, When Je-sus comes; All gloom His

## CHORUS.

wait and won-der, Till Je-sus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing,  
 soul be yearn-ing, When Je-sus comes.  
 joy and glad-ness, When Je-sus comes.  
 face will ban-ish, When Je-sus comes.

When Je-sus comes; All praise thro' heav-en ring-ing, When Je-sus comes. All beau-ty

bright and ver-nal, When Je-sus comes; All glo-ry, grand, e-ter-nal, When Je-sus comes.

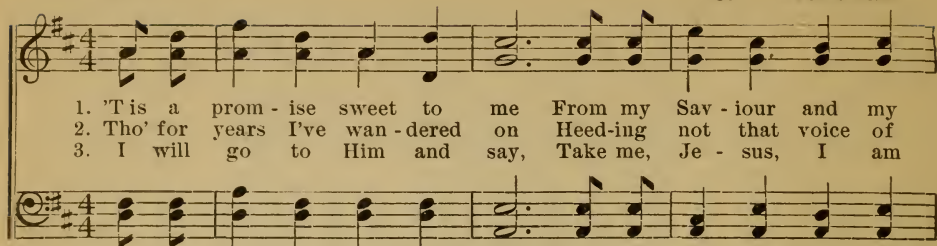
5 He'll know the way was dreary,  
 When Jesus comes;  
 He'll know the feet grew weary,  
 When Jesus comes. — CHO.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,  
 When Jesus comes;  
 Oh, how His arms will rest me!  
 When Jesus comes. — CHO.

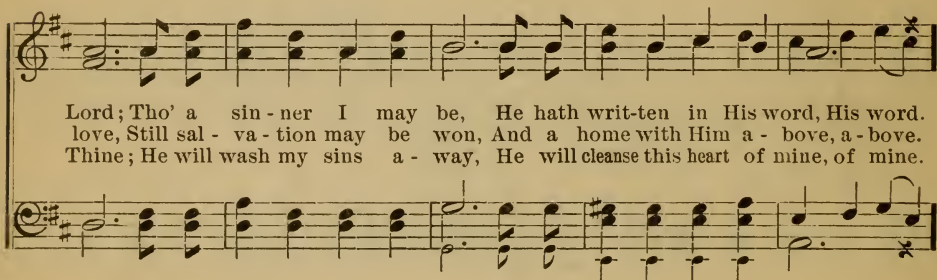
## "HIM THAT COMETH TO ME."

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

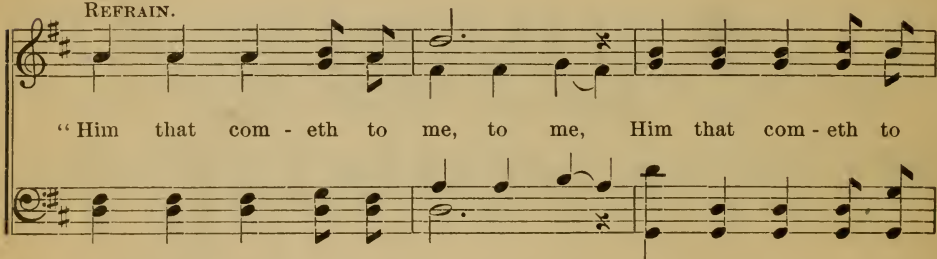


1. 'Tis a prom - ise sweet to me From my Say - iour and my  
 2. Tho' for years I've wan - dered on Heed - ing not that voice of  
 3. I will go to Him and say, Take me, Je - sus, I am

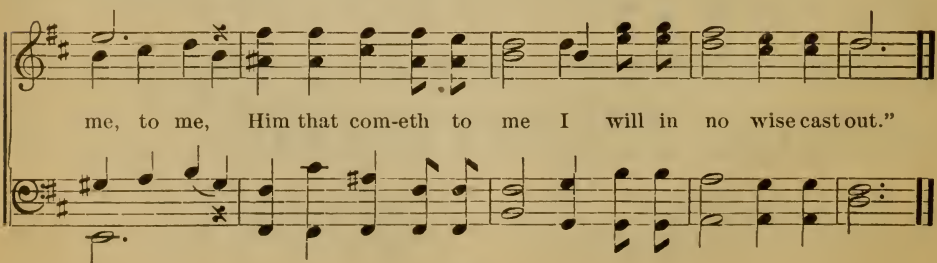


Lord; Tho' a sin - ner I may be, He hath writ - ten in His word, His word.  
 love, Still sal - va - tion may be won, And a home with Him a - bove, a - bove.  
 Thine; He will wash my sins a - way, He will cleanse this heart of mine, of mine.

## REFRAIN.



"Him that com - eth to me, to me, Him that com - eth to



me, to me, Him that com - eth to me I will in no wise cast out."

*Vigorous.*

1. *f* Forth to the fight, ye ransomed, Might-y in God's own might;  
 2. *mf* Fear not the din of bat-tle, Fol-low where He has trod;  
 3. *p* Arm ye a-against the bat-tle, Watch ye, and fast, and pray;  
 4. *f* Fight, for the Lord is o'er you, Fight, for He bids you fight;

1. Forth to the fight, to the fight, ye ransomed Mighty, mighty in God's own might;  
 2. Fear not, fear not the din of bat-tle, Fol-low, follow, where He has trod;  
 3. Arm ye, arm ye a-against the bat-tle, Watch ye, watch ye, and fast, and pray;  
 4. Fight for the Lord, for the Lord is o'er you, Fight, for He bids, He bids you fight;

Stemming the tide of bat-tle, Routing the hosts of night.  
 Per-fect-ing strength in weakness— Je-sus, in-car-nate God.  
 Peace shall succeed the war-fare, Night shall be changed to day.  
 There where the fray is thick-est, Close with the hosts of night.

Stemming the tide, the tide of bat-tle, Routing the hosts of night.  
 Per-fect-ing, perfecting, strength in weakness, Je-sus, in-car-nate God.  
 Peace shall succeed, shall succeed the war-fare. Night shall be changed to day.  
 There where the fray, where the fray is thick-est, Close with the hosts of night.

## REFRAIN.

*f* Lift ye the blood-red ban-ner, Wield ye the vic-tor's sword,

*f* Lift ye, lift ye the blood-red ban-ner, Wield ye, wield ye the victors sword,

*ff* Raise ye the Chris-tian's war-ry, The cross of Christ the Lord.

## BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

J. NICHOLSON.

C. A. HAVENS. Op. 31.

BARITONE SOLO.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, . . . To its glo - ries I  
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, . . . I shall en - ter it  
 3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, . . . Then why should I  
 4. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, . . . And my kin - dred its

ORGAN.

*p* *sw.*

MAN.

fain would fly, — . . . When by sor - row pressed down, I  
 by and by; . . . There, with friends, hand in hand, I shall  
 fear to die, . . . When death is the way to the  
 bliss en - joy, . . . Me - - thinks I now see how they're

PED.

MAN.

*mf* *rit.*

long for my crown, In that beau - ti - ful land on high. . .  
 walk on the strand, In that beau - ti - ful land on high. . .  
 realms of the day, In that beau - ti - ful land on high. . .  
 wait - ing for me, In that beau - ti - ful land on high. . .

*rit.* *pp*

PED.

MAN.

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

REFRAIN.

In that beau-ti - ful land I'll be, . . . From earth and its cares set free, My  
I'll be, set free,

Je - sus is there, He's gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me. . .  
for me.

98

HE REDEEMED ME.

G. F. R.

Theme, CH. H. CARROL.

Chorus, GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Would you know why Christ, my Sav-iour, Is my con - stant theme and  
2. Oh, the days are full of glad-ness That I spend in His em -  
3. Come, be - lov - ed, bow be - fore Him, Seek the par - don of your

song? Why to seek his lov - ing fa-vor Is my joy the whole day long?  
play! I can ban - ish care and sadness In that song of heavenly joy.  
King, That on earth you may a-dore Him, And with saints in glo - ry sing.

# HE REDEEMED ME.

He redeemed me, He re-deemed me,

CHORUS.

He redeemed me He redeemed me, How the

He re -

ran-somed choir re - peat it o'er and o'er!

o'er, re-peat it o'er!

deemed me, He re - deemed me,

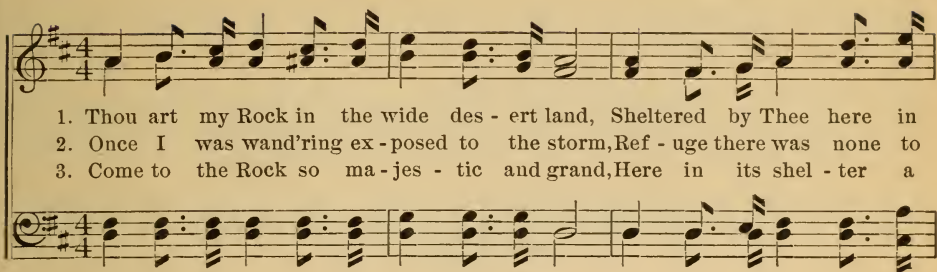
He re-deemed me, He re-deemed me, Glo - ry,

more.

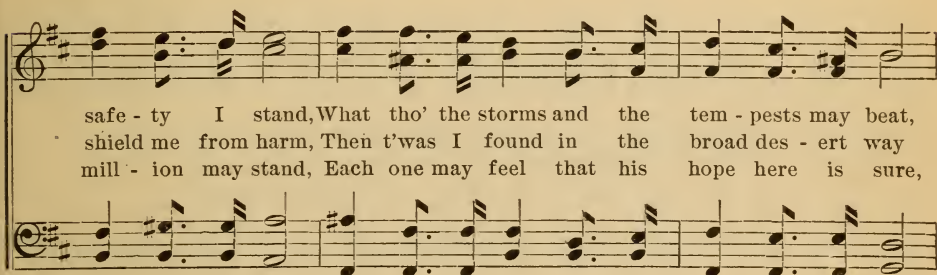
glo - ry be to Him for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

more.

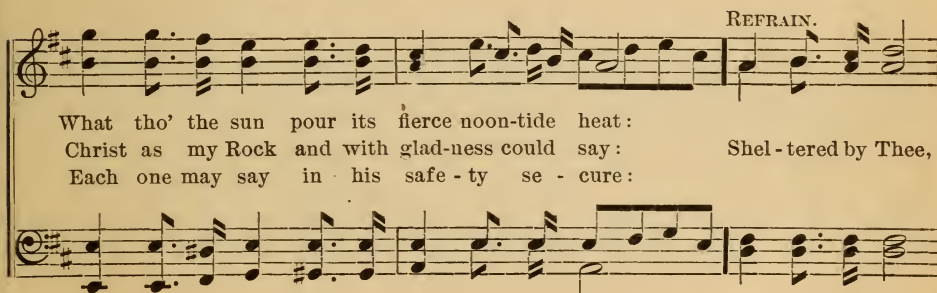
Words and music by G. F. R.



1. Thou art my Rock in the wide des - ert land, Sheltered by Thee here in  
 2. Once I was wand'ring ex - posed to the storm, Ref - uge there was none to  
 3. Come to the Rock so ma - jes - tic and grand, Here in its shel - ter a

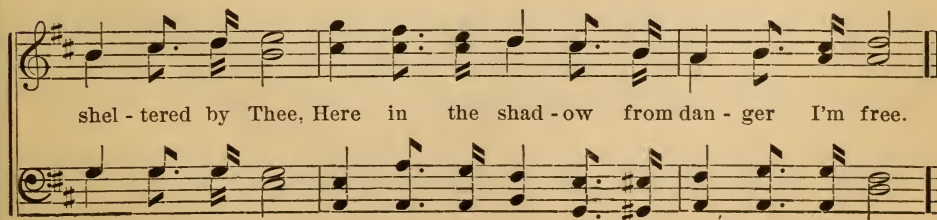


safe - ty I stand, What tho' the storms and the tem - pests may beat,  
 shield me from harm, Then t'was I found in the broad des - ert way  
 mil - lion may stand, Each one may feel that his hope here is sure,



REFRAIN.

What tho' the sun pour its fierce noon-tide heat:  
 Christ as my Rock and with glad-ness could say: Shel - tered by Thee,  
 Each one may say in his safe - ty se - cure:



shel - tered by Thee, Here in the shad - ow from dan - ger I'm free.

THEME—B. S. B.

K. W. BURT.

1. "On - ly be - lieve" the Sa - viour is call - ing, Soft - ly from heaven His  
 2. Take thou His yoke, 'tis ea - sy to wear it, He'll give thee grace with  
 3. What tho' the foes in le - gions as - sail thee, Strong is the arm which

sweet words are fall - ing, Look to the Cross, the par - don re - ceive,  
 gladness to bear it, Learn thou His will and wis - dom re - ceive, Take what He  
 nev - er will fail thee, Call for His help and strength thou'lt re - ceive,

## REFRAIN.

of - fers thee, "On - ly be - lieve." On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve, 'Tis

full, free sal - va - tion that thou may'st re - ceive, On - ly be - lieve,

ONLY BELIEVE.

on - ly be - lieve, Oh, take what He of - fers thee, on - ly be - lieve.

This block contains the musical score for the song 'ONLY BELIEVE.' It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

101

FROM THE DEEP STAR-LADEN SKY.

CHRISTMAS.

CLARA L. BURNHAM.

G. F. ROOT.

*Moderato.*

1. From the deep star - lad - en sky Fell the in - cense down the  
2. Stood the sheph-erds in the night, List-'ning spell-bound to the  
3. So with peace, good will on earth, Comes the ho - ly Christ-mas

This block contains the musical score for the song 'FROM THE DEEP STAR-LADEN SKY.' It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

air; Gold - en cen-sers swinging high To the sound of mu-sic rare.  
song That with more than earthly might Rolled the hap-py vales a - long.  
tide, Bless-ed day of Je - sus' birth, Spread its glo-ries far and wide.

This block contains the musical score for the song 'FROM THE DEEP STAR-LADEN SKY.' It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God, and good will to men!

This block contains the musical score for the song 'FROM THE DEEP STAR-LADEN SKY.' It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF, by per.

1. Oh, sor - row - ing mor - tal, why still de - spair, The Fa - ther will  
 2. Thy tears He will change in - to jew - els bright, Thy sighs will be  
 3. His mer - cy en - dur - eth while worlds de - cay, His pit - y doth

glad - ly be - stow A ten - der com - pas - sion for all thy care, A  
 turned in - to song; Where now there is darkness there shall be light, The  
 ev - er a - bide; He's ten - der - ly call - ing for thee to - day, From

REFRAIN.

balm for thy ev - er - y woe.  
 weak thro' His pow - er be strong. "As one whom his moth - er  
 o - ver the crys - tal tide.

com - fort - eth, So will I com - fort you, . . . . So  
 com - fort you,

SO WILL I COMFORT YOU.

will, . . So will, . . So will I com - fort you."

will I comfort, So will I comfort,

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THE NEW SONG.

REV. A. T. PIERSON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

*Allegretto.*

1. With harps and with vi - ols, there stands a great throng In the presence of  
2. All these once were sin - ners, de - filed in His sight, Now arrayed in pure  
3. He mak - eth the reb - el a priest and a king, He hath bought us and  
4. How help - less and hopeless we sin - ners had been, If He nev - er had  
5. A - loud in His prais - es our voi - ces shall ring, So that oth - ers be -

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, and sing this new song:  
gar - ments in praise they u - nite.  
taught us this new song to sing Un - to Him who hath loved us and  
loved us till cleansed from our sin.  
liev - ing, this new song shall sing.

washed us from sin, Un - to Him be the glo - ry for - ev - er. A - men.

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF, by per.

1. O'er the drear-y moun - tains, Thro' the sleet and cold,      Seek - ing for the  
 2. Prod - i - gal re - turn - ing, Shout the glad re - frain,      Fa - ther's heart is  
 3. Joy a - mong the an - gels      For a heart de - praved      Has been brought to

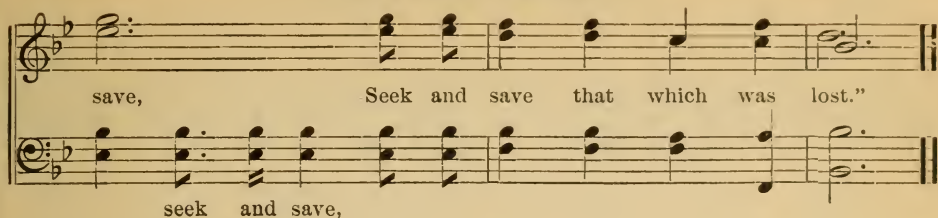
## REFRAIN.

lost ones      That have left the fold.  
 burn - ing,      Lost, but found a - gain. " For the Son of man is come to seek and  
 Je - sus,      And a soul is saved.

save,      For the Son of man is come to seek and  
 seek and save,

save,      For the Son of man is come to seek and  
 seek and save,

THAT WHICH WAS LOST.



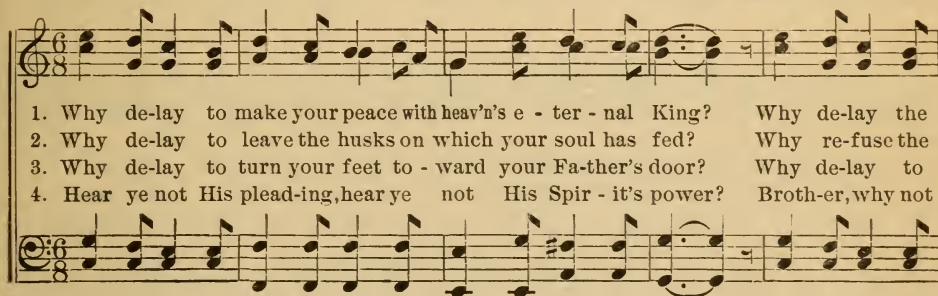
save,                      Seek and save that which was lost."

seek and save,

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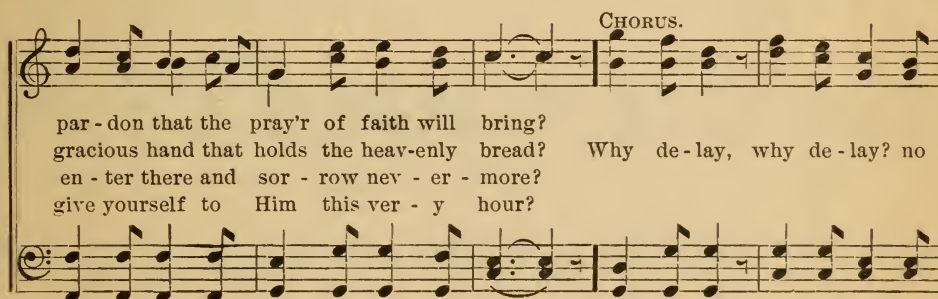
WHY DELAY?

Words and Music by G. F. R.

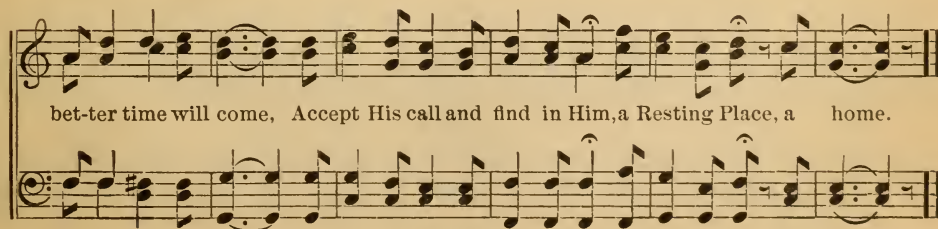


1. Why de-lay to make your peace with heav'n's e - ter - nal King?      Why de-lay the  
2. Why de-lay to leave the husks on which your soul has fed?      Why re-fuse the  
3. Why de-lay to turn your feet to - ward your Fa-ther's door?      Why de-lay to  
4. Hear ye not His plead-ing, hear ye not His Spir - it's power?      Broth-er, why not

CHORUS.



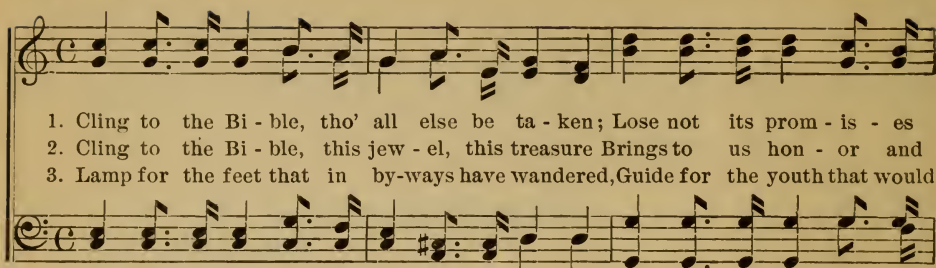
par-don that the pray'r of faith will bring?  
gracious hand that holds the heav-enly bread?      Why de-lay, why de-lay? no  
en - ter there and sor - row nev - er - more?  
give yourself to Him this ver - y hour?



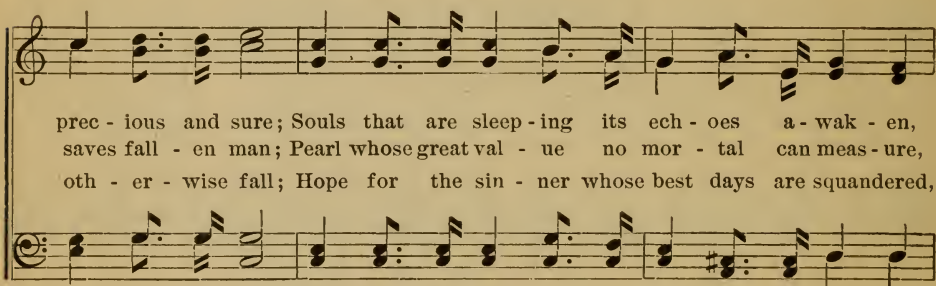
bet-ter time will come, Accept His call and find in Him, a Resting Place, a home.

M. J. SMITH.

J. R. MURRAY.

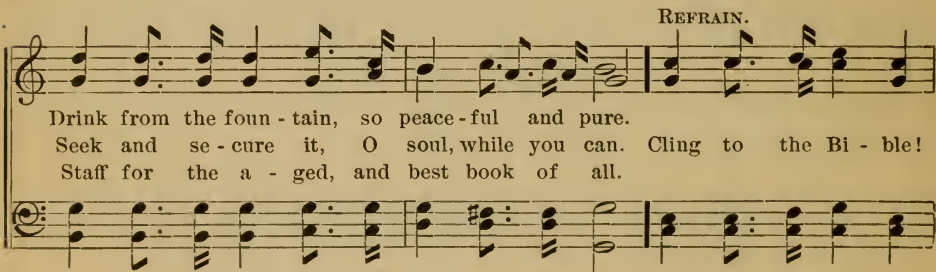


1. Cling to the Bi - ble, tho' all else be ta - ken; Lose not its prom - is - es  
 2. Cling to the Bi - ble, this jew - el, this treasure Brings to us hon - or and  
 3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wandered, Guide for the youth that would

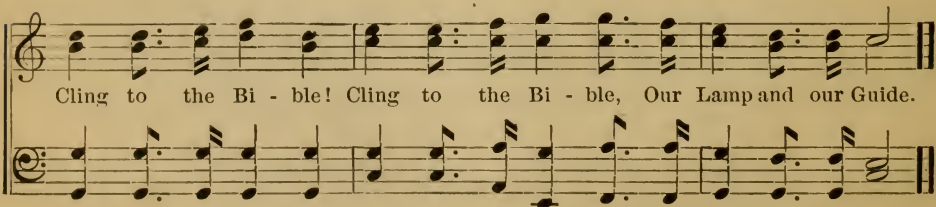


prec - ious and sure; Souls that are sleep - ing its ech - oes a - wak - en,  
 saves fall - en man; Pearl whose great val - ue no mor - tal can meas - ure,  
 oth - er - wise fall; Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squandered,

REFRAIN.



Drink from the foun - tain, so peace - ful and pure.  
 Seek and se - cure it, O soul, while you can. Cling to the Bi - ble!  
 Staff for the a - ged, and best book of all.



Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and our Guide.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Thou hast called me, bless-ed Sav - iour, To be - come a child of  
 2. I am will - ing to be - stow Thee All my best and pur - est  
 3. I will live for Thee, dear Sav - iour, Watch and pray a - gainst all

Thine, And to bring in con - se - cra - tion Un - to Thee this heart of mine.  
 love; Make it warm, and pure, and fer - vent, Like the love of saints a - bove.  
 sin; And by pure and good ex - am - ple Strive some souls to Thee to win.

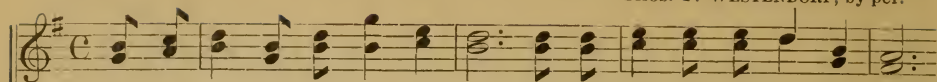
## REFRAIN.

What I have and what I am, All I con - se - crate to

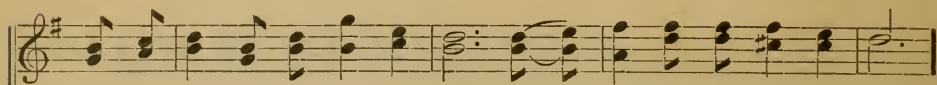
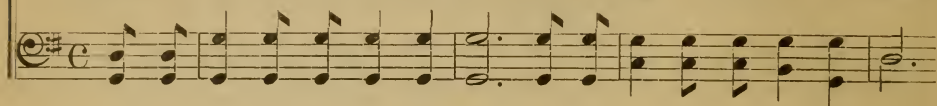
Thee, Take my heart, the gift I bring, And be - stow Thy grace on me.

T. P. W.

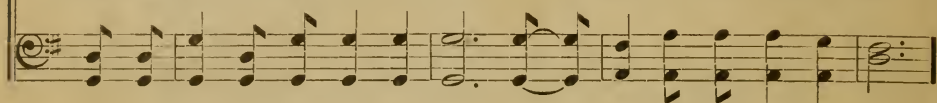
THOS. P. WESTENDORF, by per.



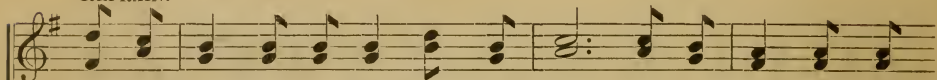
1. I've a guide, tho' the way be long, I've a friend, tho' the world be cold ;
2. Thro' the cloud-land of hope I see Beaming straight from the throne of grace
3. Not a doubt does my fond heart know, Not a fear lin-gers in my breast,



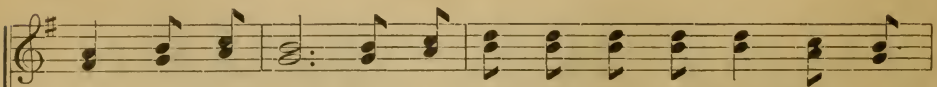
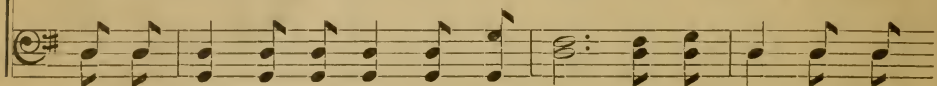
There's an arm that I know is strong, That safe to my own doth hold.  
 Mer-cy's star, and it brings to me All the light of His ho-ly face.  
 Trust-ing still in His love I go On my way to that home of rest.



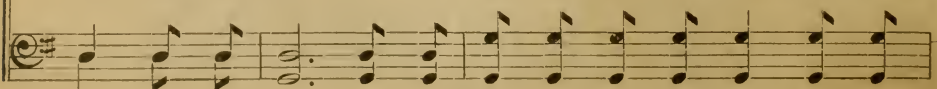
## REFRAIN.

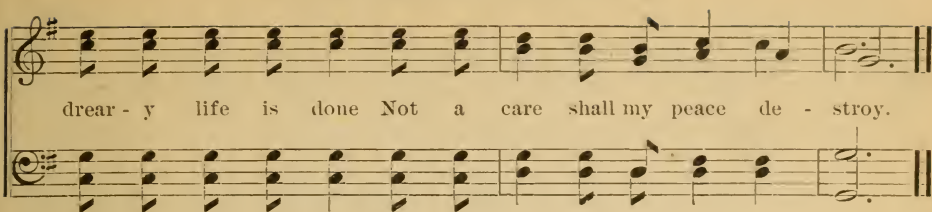


He will show me the path-way of life, Lead-ing up to a



ful-ness of joy At the right hand of the throne, When this





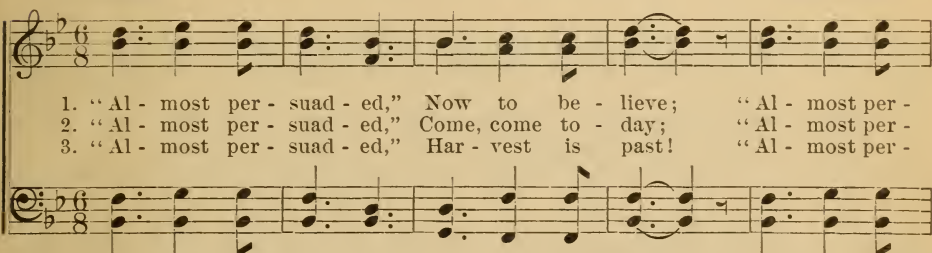
drear - y life is done Not a care shall my peace de - stroy.

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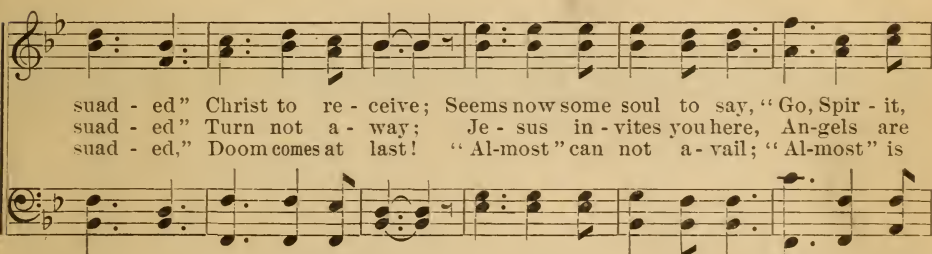
ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. BLISS.

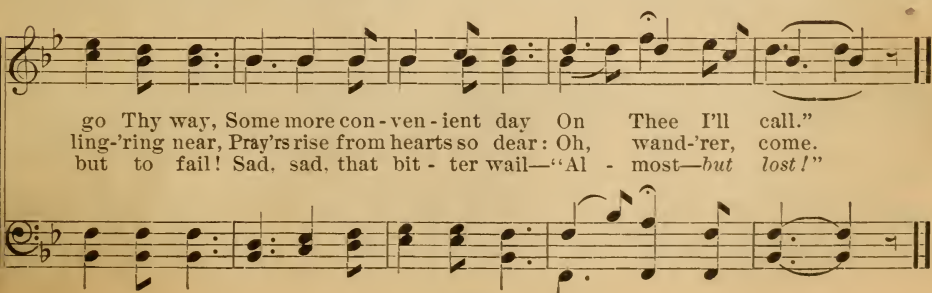
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per -  
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per -  
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per -



sud - ed" Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,  
 sud - ed" Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are  
 sud - ed," Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is



go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."  
 ling - ring near, Pray's rise from hearts so dear: Oh, wand - rer, come.  
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

Rev. ELIAS NASON.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. 'Mid trou-bles and dan-gers that dark-en my way, As on - ward thro' life's  
 3. When o'er the lone o - cean the wild surg-es roll, And tem - pests tre - men -  
 3. In - con-stant and wayward, I grieve that I am, But hid in my heart  
 4. And oh, when I pass thro' the shade that shall close In si - lence pro-found  
 5. Then ris - ing in splen-dor the hosts to be - hold, Who sound His high prais -

tangled path-way I stray, I turn from the scenes that sur-round me and sing,  
 dous de-scend from the pole, Thro' the con-flict I hear the sweet har-mony spring :  
 is the love of the Lamb, Whate'er be the an-guish, the ech - oes still ring :  
 o'er these brief mor-tal woes, Be this my last song, to my God as I cling :  
 es on vi - ols of gold, Ex - ult - ant my tongue in His pres - ence shall sing :

There is peace, O my soul, in the smile of the King, There is  
 There is peace, etc.  
 There is peace, etc.  
 There is peace, etc.  
 There is peace, etc.

peace, O my soul, in the smile of the King, There is peace, O my soul, There is

THE SMILE OF THE KING.

peace, O my soul, There is peace, O my soul, in the smile of the King.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a repeat sign. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

111

NO OTHER NAME.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. One of - fer of sal - va - tion, To all the world make known; The on - ly sure foun -  
 2. One on - ly door of heav - en Stands o - pen wide to - day, One sac - ri - fice is  
 3. My on - ly song and sto - ry Is—Je - sus died for me; My on - ly hope of

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody in the treble clef and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

da - tion Is Christ the Cor - ner Stone. No oth - er name is giv - en, No  
 giv - en, 'Tis Christ, the liv - ing way.  
 glo - ry, The Cross of Cal - va - ry.

The chorus is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It continues the melody and accompaniment from the previous section, with lyrics written below the treble staff.

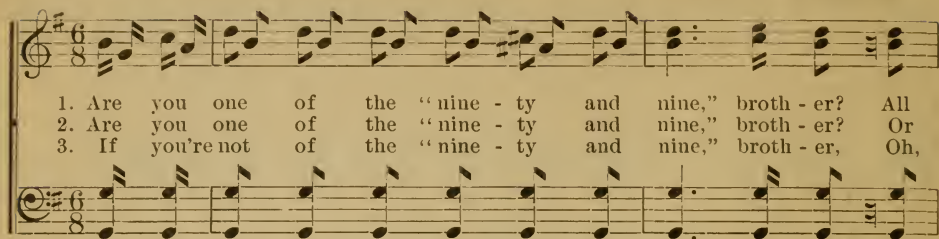
oth - er way is known 'Tis Je - sus Christ the First and Last, He saves, and He a - lone.

This section concludes the piece in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features the same melody and accompaniment style, with the final lyrics written below the treble staff.

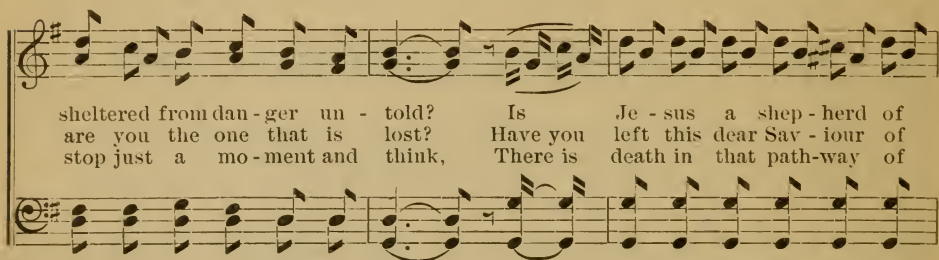
# 112 ARE YOU ONE OF THE NINETY AND NINE?

T. P. W.

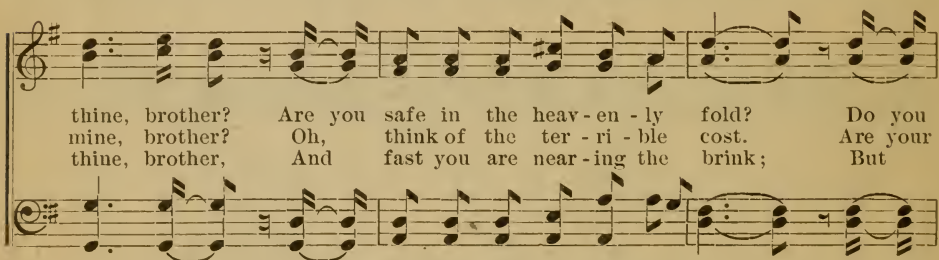
THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



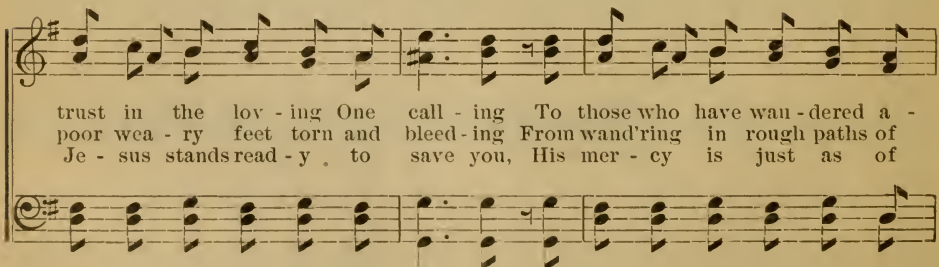
1. Are you one of the "nine - ty and nine," broth - er? All  
 2. Are you one of the "nine - ty and nine," broth - er? Or  
 3. If you're not of the "nine - ty and nine," broth - er, Oh,



sheltered from dan - ger un - told? Is Je - sus a shep - herd of  
 are you the one that is lost? Have you left this dear Sav - iour of  
 stop just a mo - ment and think, There is death in that path - way of

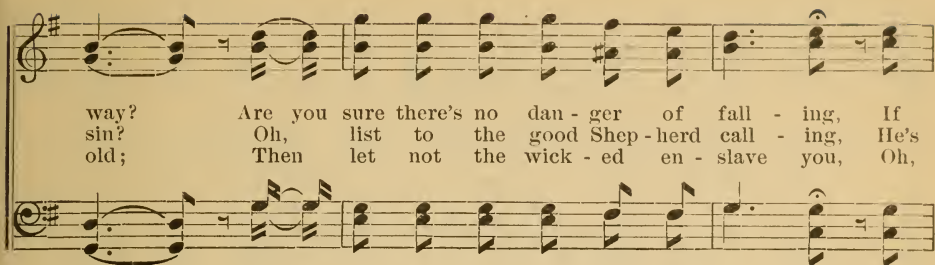


thine, brother? Are you safe in the heav - en - ly fold? Do you  
 mine, brother? Oh, think of the ter - ri - ble cost. Are your  
 thine, brother, And fast you are near - ing the brink; But



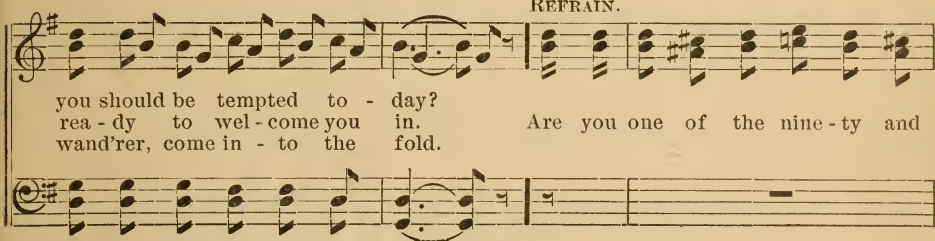
trust in the lov - ing One call - ing To those who have wan - dered a -  
 poor wea - ry feet torn and bleed - ing From wand'ring in rough paths of  
 Je - sus stands read - y to save you, His mer - cy is just as of

ARE YOU ONE OF THE NINETY AND NINE?

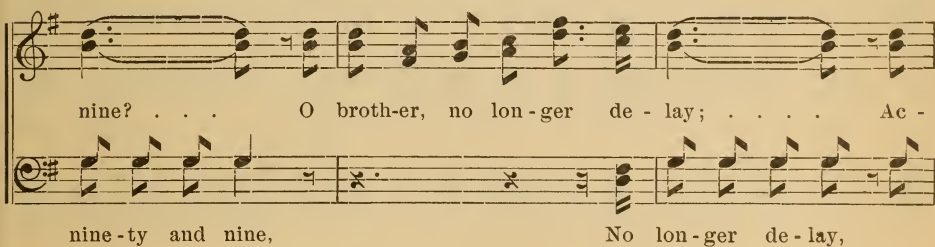


way? Are you sure there's no dan - ger of fall - ing, If  
sin? Oh, list to the good Shep - herd call - ing, He's  
old; Then let not the wick - ed en - slave you, Oh,

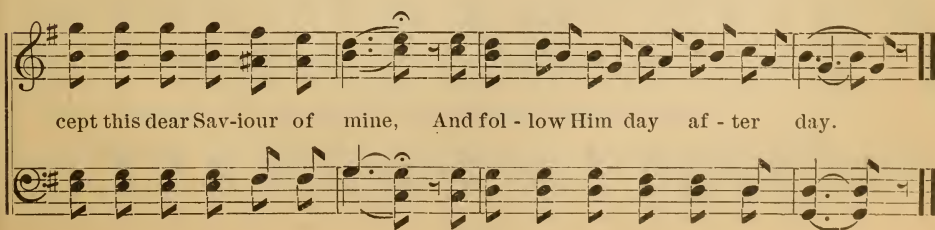
REFRAIN.



you should be tempted to - day?  
rea - dy to wel - come you in. Are you one of the nine - ty and  
wand'rer, come in - to the fold.



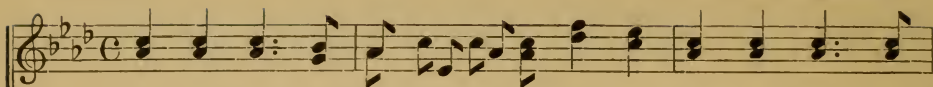
nine? . . . O broth-er, no lon-ger de - lay; . . . Ac -  
nine-ty and nine, No lon-ger de - lay,



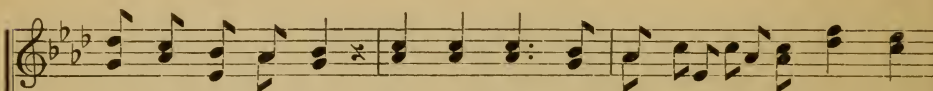
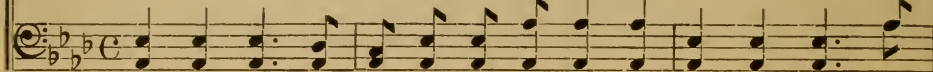
cept this dear Sav-iour of mine, And fol - low Him day af - ter day.

W. HOYLE.

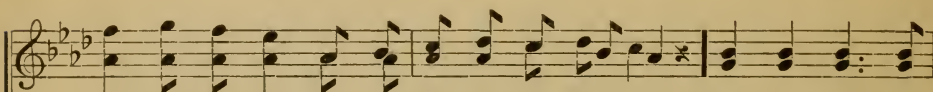
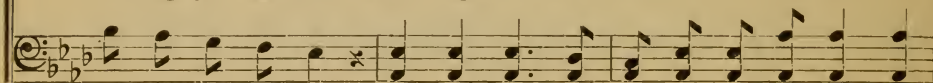
Arr. from H. RUSSELL.



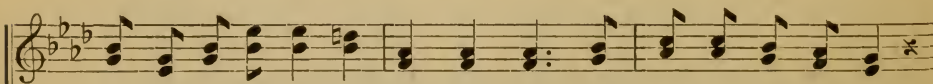
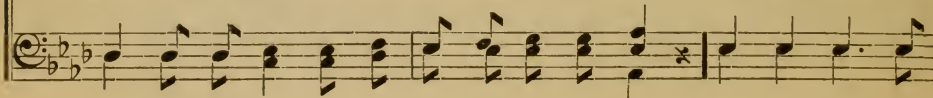
1. Cheer, boys, cheer! our cause is good and glo - rious, Spread it wide, our
2. Cheer, boys, cheer! the na - tion is a - wak - ing, Thous - ands rise to
3. Cheer, boys, cheer! the glo - rious re - form - a - tion, Who can tell the



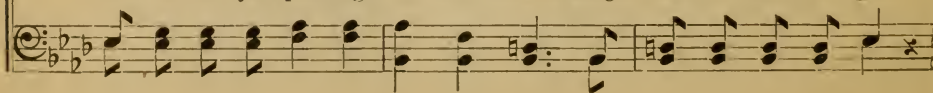
na - tion to re - store; Cheer, boys, cheer! for truth shall be vic - to - rious,  
snap the ty - rant's chain. Brave true hearts the tempter's cup for - sak - ing,  
blessings yet in store, Wait - ing for the chil - dren of our na - tion,



Firm to our pledge, let us la - bor ev - er - more. Raise proud songs in  
Fight - ing for truth they will con - quer yet a - gain. Thro' the land let  
When sor - row's past and the ty - rant is no more. An - gel choirs with



proud - est ex - ul - ta - tion, Temp'rance mild shall gain her peaceful sway,  
free - men all as - sem - ble, Sol - diers brave, de - vo - ted to our cause,  
hal - le - lu - jahs peal - ing, E - den's bowers brought back to earth a - gain.



CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

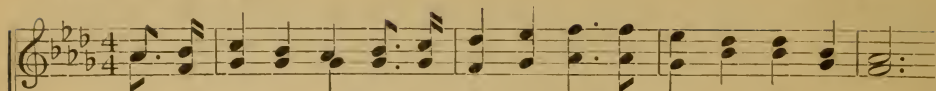
Hearts and homes make brighter thro' the na - tion, Re - flect-ing her bless-ings like  
 Foes of truth be - fore our arms shall tremble, And proud-ly the na - tion en -  
 Love and truth each hu-man heart re - veal - ing, O Spir - it of Temp'rance come

REFRAIN.

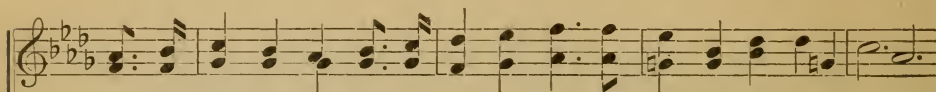
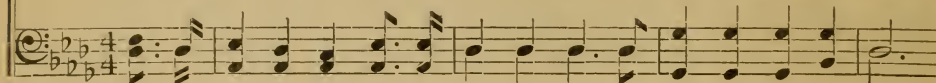
gold - en beams of day.  
 joy true temp'rance laws. Cheer, boys, cheer! our cause is great and glo - rious,  
 swift-ly, come and reign.

Spread it wide, our na - tion to re - store; Cheer, boys, cheer! for

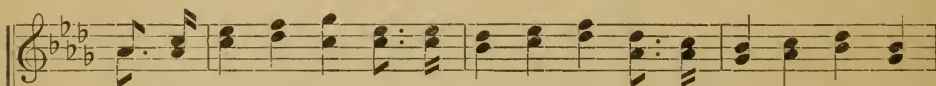
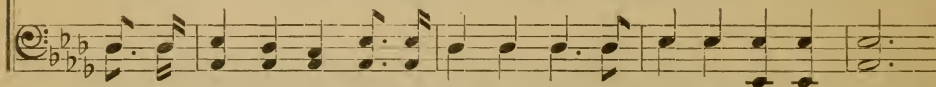
truth shall be vic - to - rious, Firm to our pledge, let us la - bor ev - er - more.



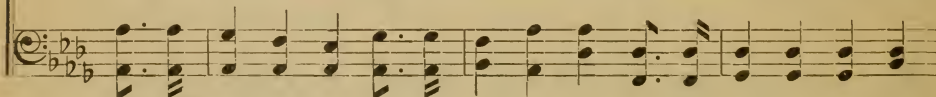
1. Thou art go - ing now from our friend-ly sight, The thoughtless world to meet;
2. Thou art go - ing now from our friend-ly sight, Doubt may be o'er thy way;
3. Ere thou go - est out from our friend-ly sight, On Je - sus' name be - lieve;



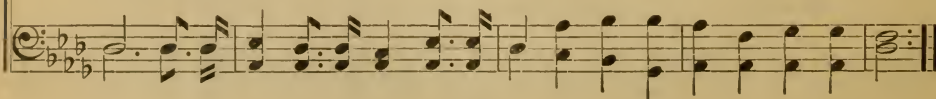
Sin is wait - ing there, like a wrecker's light, To lure a - way thy feet.  
 Liv - id fires of e - vil are burn-ing bright To lead thy feet a - stray.  
 Here a - lone the glow of the heav-'nly light, That shines not to de - ceive.



We have called to thee in the Saviour's name, On our hearts thy soul we  
 By the mem'-ries sweet of a moth-er's name, And a fa-ther's watch-ful  
 For the sake, O then, of Im - man-uel's name, And the love the cross did



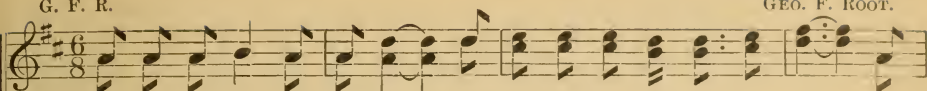
bear; Ere thou turn-est a - way from the al-tar's flame, O, seek thy God in pray'r.  
 care; Ere thou, etc.  
 bear; Ere thou, etc.



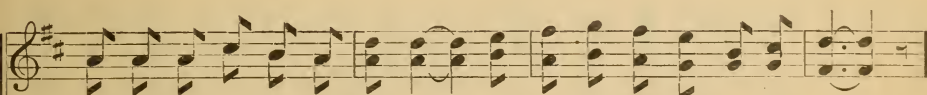
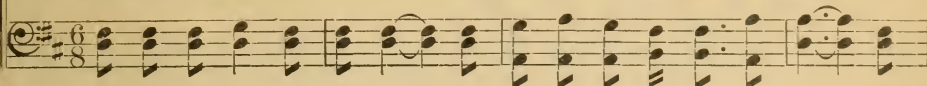
## WHY DO YOU WAIT?

G. F. R.

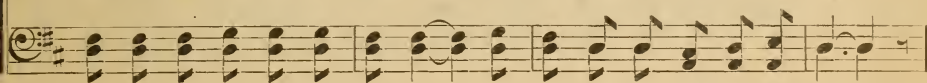
GEO. F. ROOT.



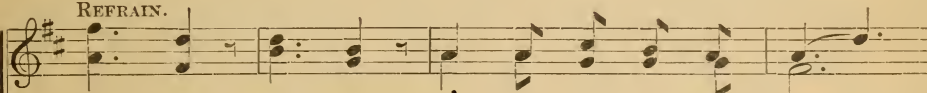
1. Why do you wait dear brother, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your  
 2. What do you hope dear brother, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's  
 3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spir-it now striv-ing with with-in? Oh,  
 4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The har-vest is pass-ing a-way, Your



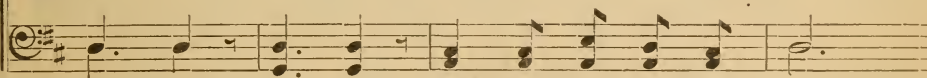
Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.  
 no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.  
 why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.  
 Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.



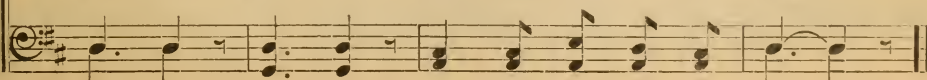
## REFRAIN.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

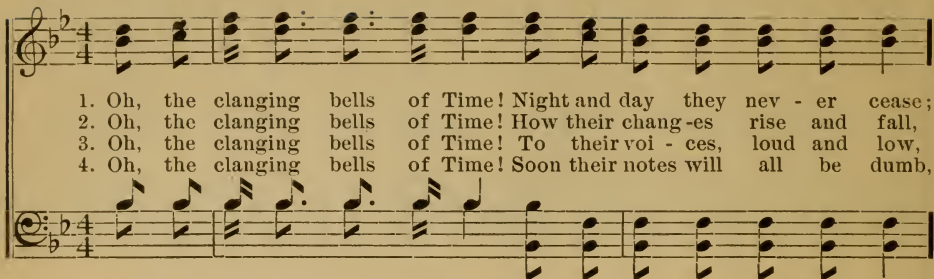


Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now.

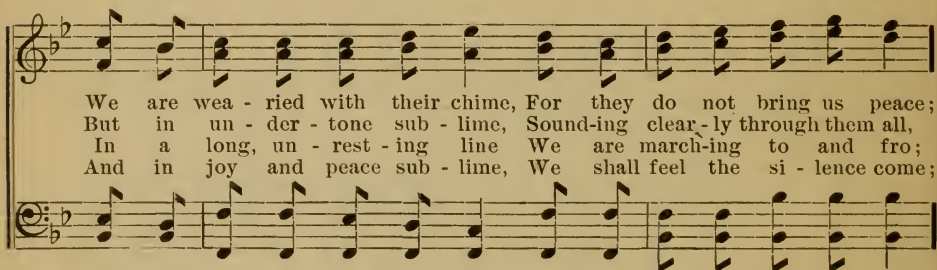


MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES.

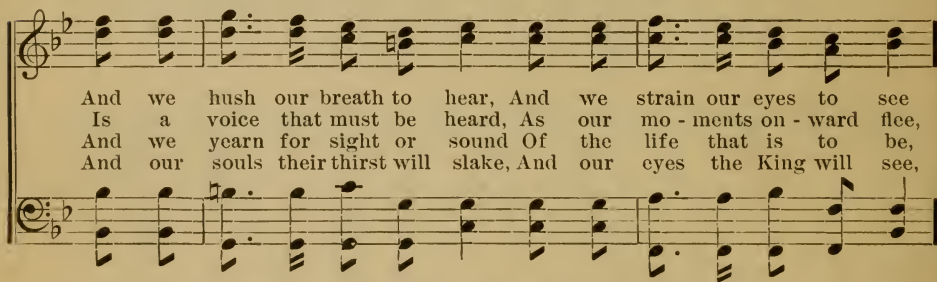
P. P. BLISS, by per.



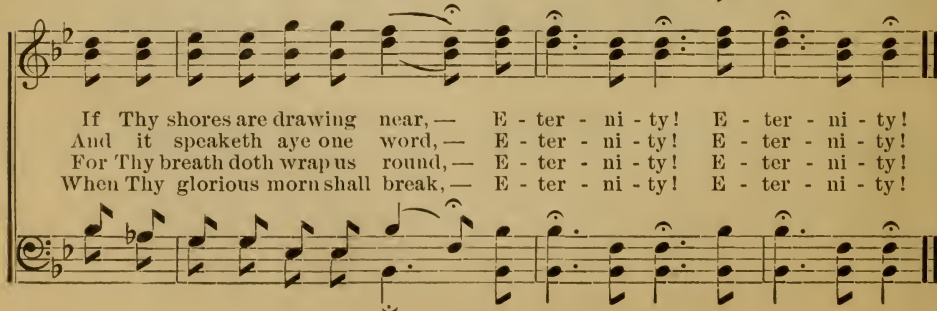
1. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease;  
 2. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! How their chang-es rise and fall,  
 3. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! To their voi - ces, loud and low,  
 4. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,



We are wea - ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;  
 But in un - der - tone sub - lime, Sound-ing clear - ly through them all,  
 In a long, un - rest - ing line We are march-ing to and fro;  
 And in joy and peace sub - lime, We shall feel the si - lence come;



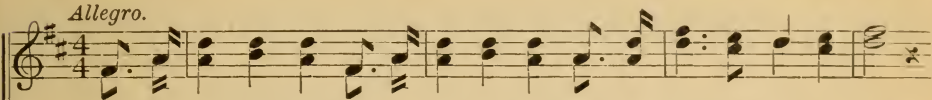
And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see  
 Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo - ments on - ward flee,  
 And we yearn for sight or sound Of the life that is to be,  
 And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,



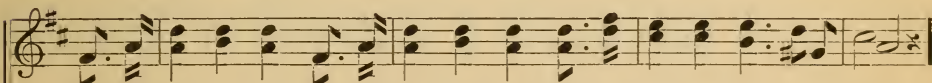
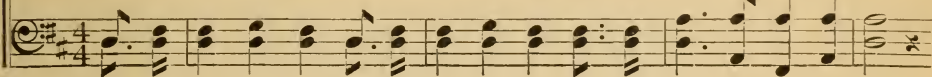
If Thy shores are drawing near, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
 And it speaketh aye one word, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
 For Thy breath doth wrap us round, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
 When Thy glorious morn shall break, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

By permission.

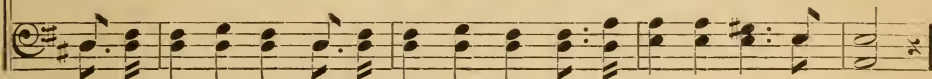
FRANZ ABT. Arr. by REV. W. L. R.

*Allegro.*

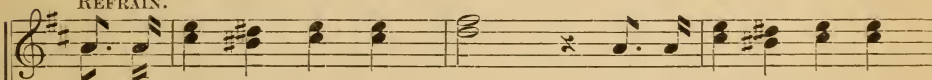
1. Hear your coun-try's call, Freemen, one and all ! Hear your country's ear-hest cry ;
2. From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we gath - er brave and strong !
3. Hail, our Fa - ther-land ! Here thy children stand, All re-solved, u - ni - ted, true,



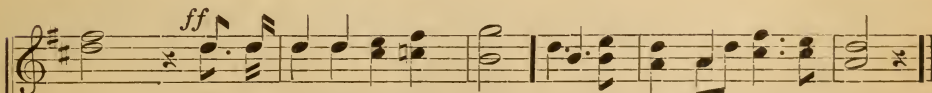
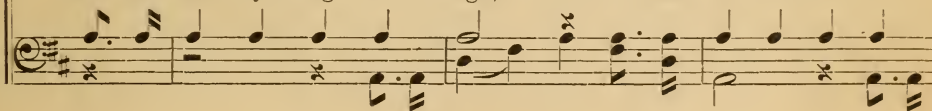
See your na - tive land Asks your succoring hand, Sons of Freedom, draw ye nigh ;  
 Faithful here we stand To re-deem our land From intem'prance, sin and wrong ;  
 In thy ho - ly cause, Ne'er to faint or pause, Is the vow we here re - new ;



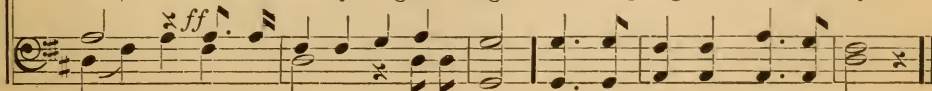
## REFRAIN.



Lift our coun-try's flag on high, 'Tis the em-blem of the



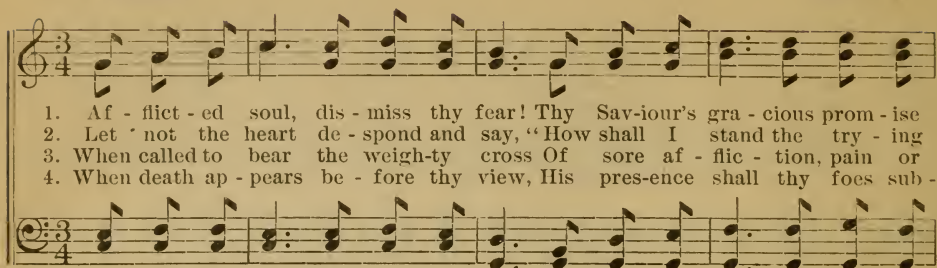
free ; Lift our country's flag on high, 'Tis the pledge of vic - to - ry.



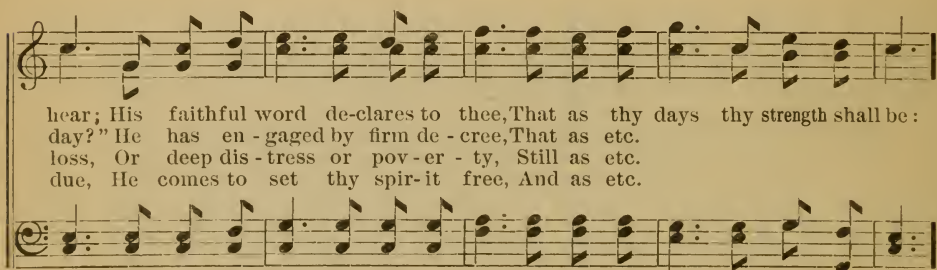
# 118 AS THY DAYS THY STRENGTH SHALL BE.

\* \* \* arr'd.

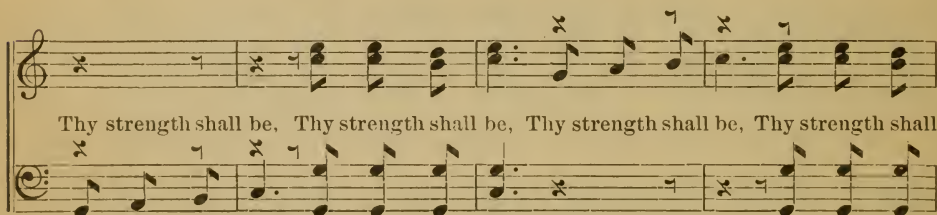
G. F. R.



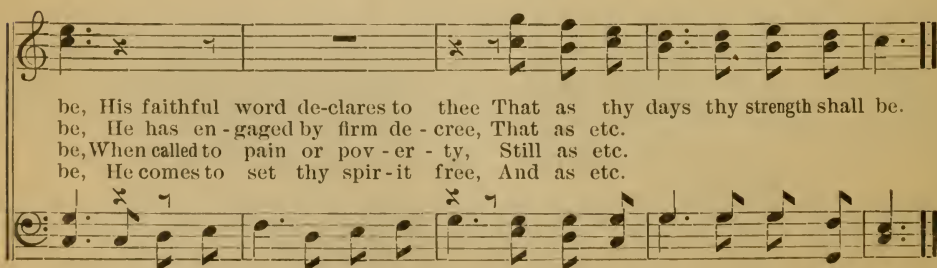
1. Af - flict - ed soul, dis - miss thy fear! Thy Sav-our's gra - cious prom - ise  
 2. Let ' not the heart de - spond and say, "How shall I stand the try - ing  
 3. When called to bear the weigh-ty cross Of sore af - flic - tion, pain or  
 4. When death ap - pears be - fore thy view, His pres-ence shall thy foes sub -



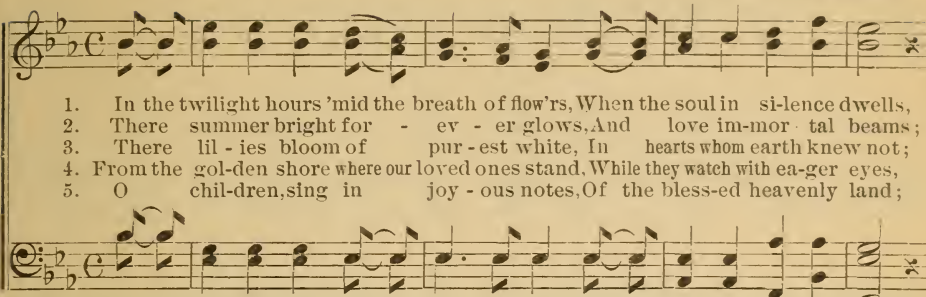
hear; His faithful word de-clares to thee, That as thy days thy strength shall be :  
 day?" He has en - gaged by firm de - cree, That as etc.  
 loss, Or deep dis - tress or pov - er - ty, Still as etc.  
 due, He comes to set thy spir-it free, And as etc.



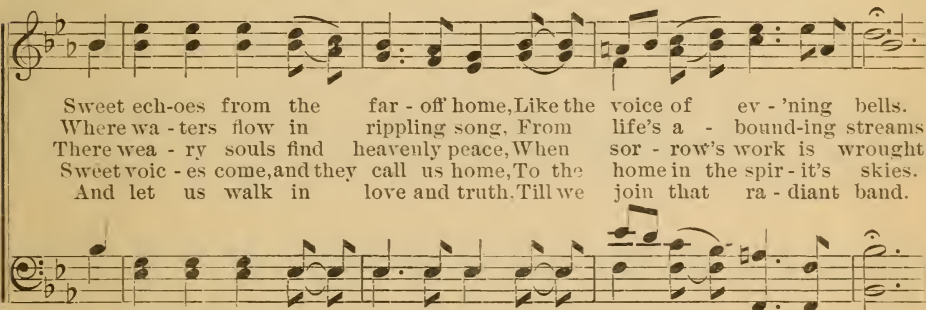
Thy strength shall be, Thy strength shall be, Thy strength shall be, Thy strength shall



be, His faithful word de-clares to thee That as thy days thy strength shall be.  
 be, He has en - gaged by firm de - cree, That as etc.  
 be, When called to pain or pov - er - ty, Still as etc.  
 be, He comes to set thy spir-it free, And as etc.



1. In the twilight hours 'mid the breath of flow'rs, When the soul in si-lence dwells,  
 2. There summer bright for - ev - er glows, And love im-mor - tal beams;  
 3. There lil - ies bloom of pur - est white, In hearts whom earth knew not;  
 4. From the gol-den shore where our loved ones stand, While they watch with ea-ger eyes,  
 5. O chil-dren, sing in joy - ous notes, Of the bless-ed heavenly land;



Sweet ech-oes from the far - off home, Like the voice of ev - 'ning bells.  
 Where wa - ters flow in rippling song, From life's a - bound-ing streams.  
 There wea - ry souls find heavenly peace, When sor - row's work is wrought.  
 Sweet voic - es come, and they call us home, To the home in the spir - it's skies.  
 And let us walk in love and truth, Till we join that ra - diant band.

REFRAIN.



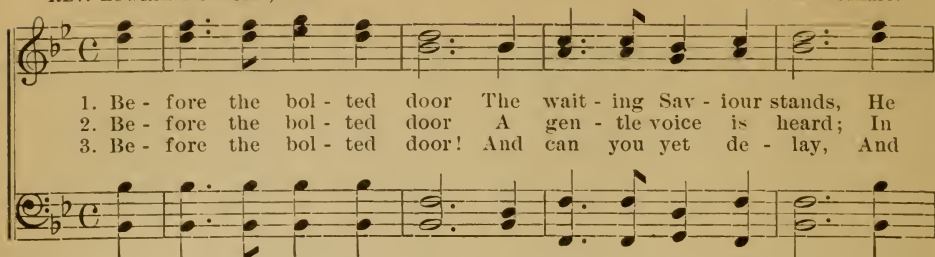
O broth-er! O sis - ter! loved, joy - ous, free; We will



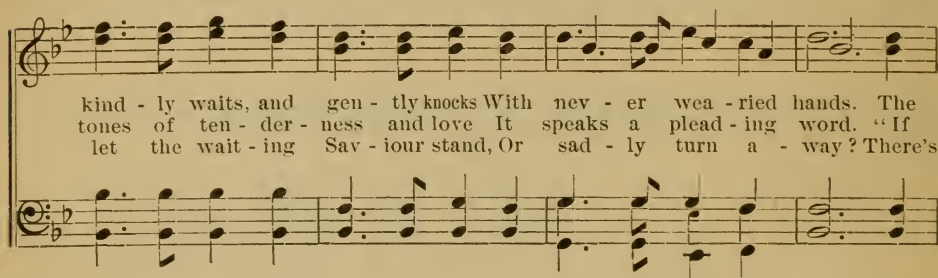
walk hand in hand to the beau - ti - ful land, Till its gol-den shores we see.

REV. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D.D.

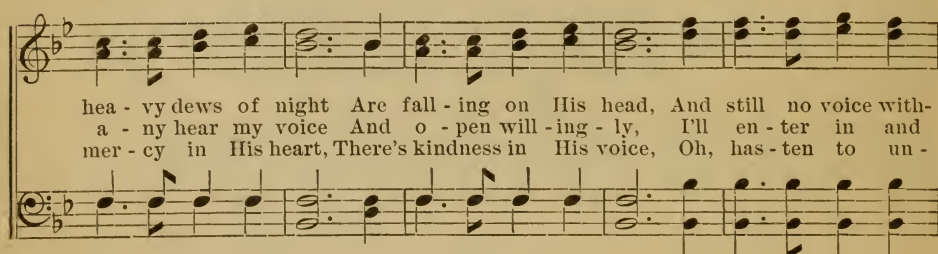
J. R. MURRAY.



1. Be - fore the bol - ted door The wait - ing Sav - iour stands, He  
 2. Be - fore the bol - ted door A gen - tle voice is heard; In  
 3. Be - fore the bol - ted door! And can you yet de - lay, And



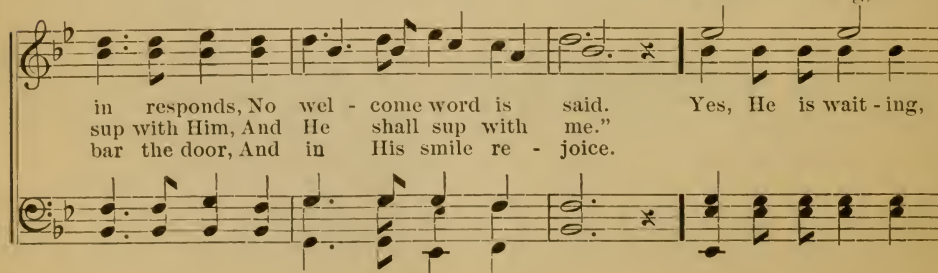
kind - ly waits, and gen - tly knocks With nev - er wea - ried hands. The  
 tones of ten - der - ness and love It speaks a plead - ing word. "If  
 let the wait - ing Sav - iour stand, Or sad - ly turn a - way? There's



hea - vy dew of night Are fall - ing on His head, And still no voice with -  
 a - ny hear my voice And o - pen will - ing - ly, I'll en - ter in and  
 mer - cy in His heart, There's kindness in His voice, Oh, has - ten to un -

## REFRAIN.

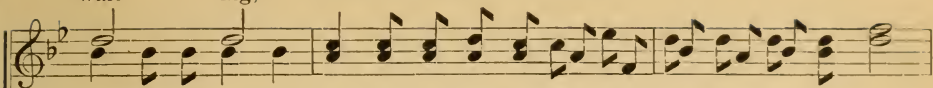
Wait - ing,



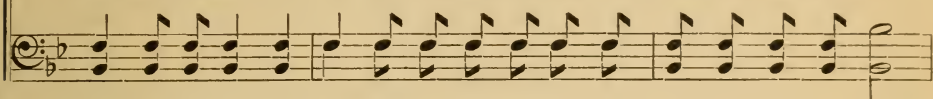
in responds, No wel - come word is said. Yes, He is wait - ing,  
 sup with Him, And He shall sup with me."  
 bar the door, And in His smile re - joice.

BEFORE THE BOLTED DOOR.

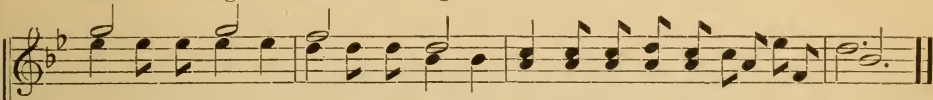
wait - ing,



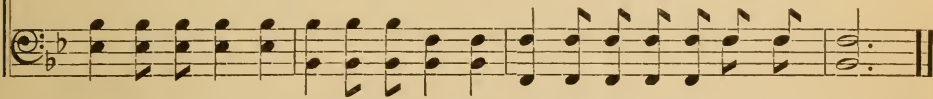
pa-tient-ly wait-ing, Oh, let Him wait no long-er, Rise and let Him in.



wait - ing, wait - ing.



Lov-ing-ly wait-ing, Tender-ly wait-ing, Oh, haste to rise and let Him in.

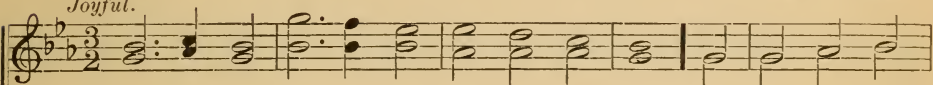


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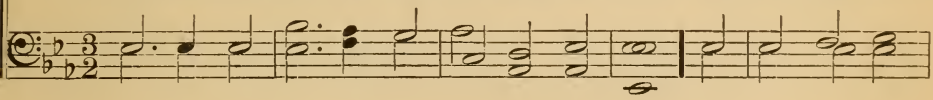
LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES.

W. C. FILBY.

*Joyful.*

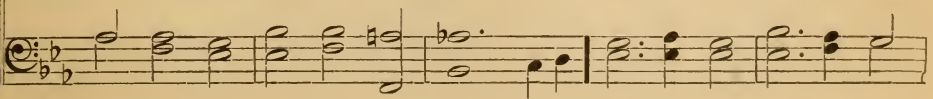


1. Lift your glad voic-es in tri-umph on high, For Je-sus hath  
2. Glo-ry to God in full an-thems of joy; The be-ing He

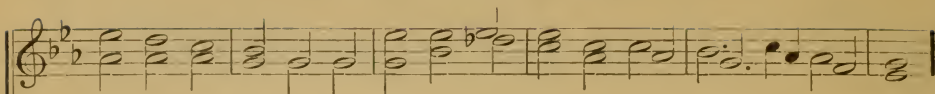


ris-en, and man shall not die.  
gave us death can-not de-destroy.

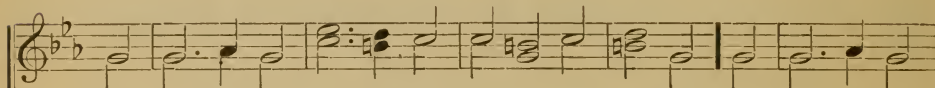
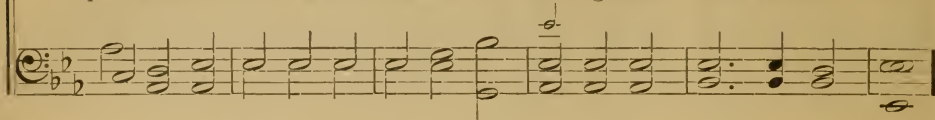
Vain were the ter-rors that  
Sad were the life we must



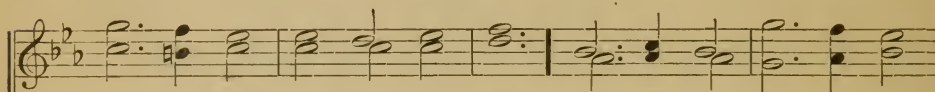
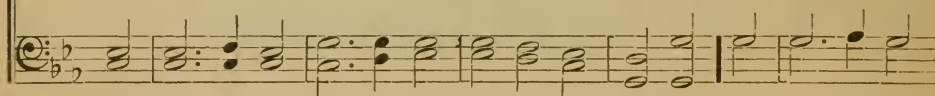
LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES.



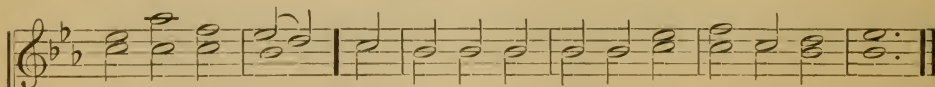
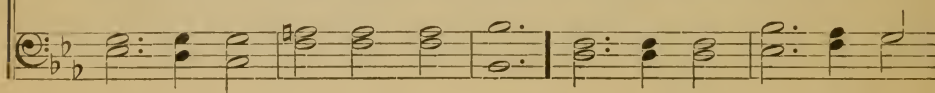
gathered a-round Him, And vain the do - min-ion of death and the grave;  
part with to - mor-row, If tears were our birthright and death were our end.



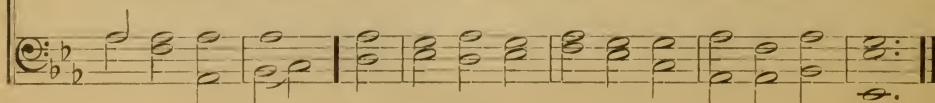
He burst from the fet - ters of darkness that bound Him, Re - splen-dent in  
But Je - sus hath cheer'd the dark val - ley of sor - row, And bade us, im -



glo - ry to live and to save; Loud lift your voic - es in  
mor - tal, to heav - en as - cend. Loud lift your voic - es in

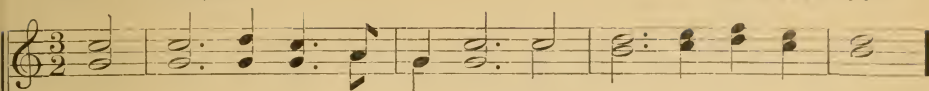


triumph on high,— For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

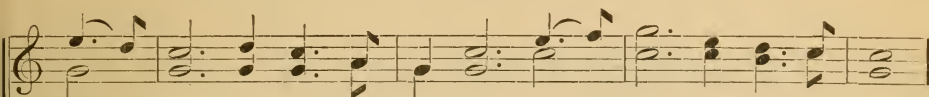
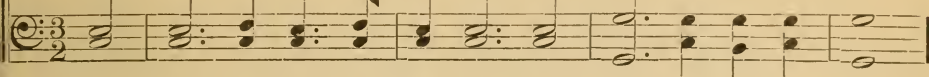


ANNIE R COUSIN, 1857.

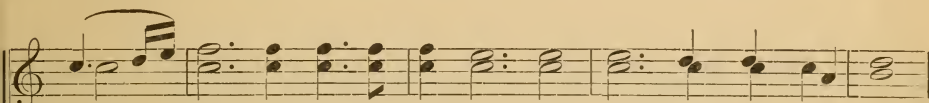
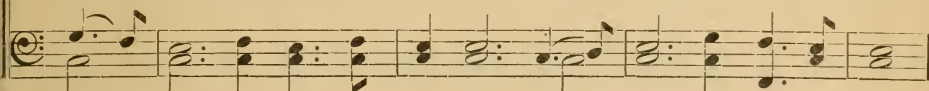
C. M. WYMAN, by per.



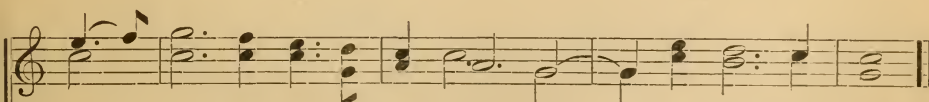
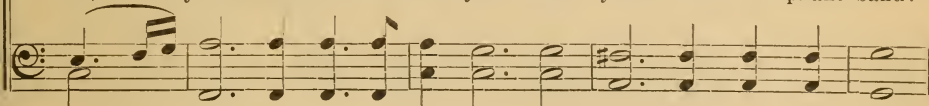
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,  
 2. I've wres - tled on t'ward heav - en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,  
 3. Deep wa - ters crossed life's path-way, The hedge of thorns was sharp;



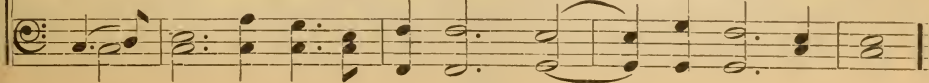
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for— The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.  
 Now, like a wea - ry trav - 'ler That lean - eth on his guide,  
 Now these lie all be - hind me— Oh! for a well-tuned harp!



Dark, . . dark hath been the mid-night, But day - spring is at hand,  
 A - mid the shades of ev'n - ing, While sinks life's lin - gering sand,  
 Oh, to join the hal - le - lu - jah With yon tri - um - phant band!

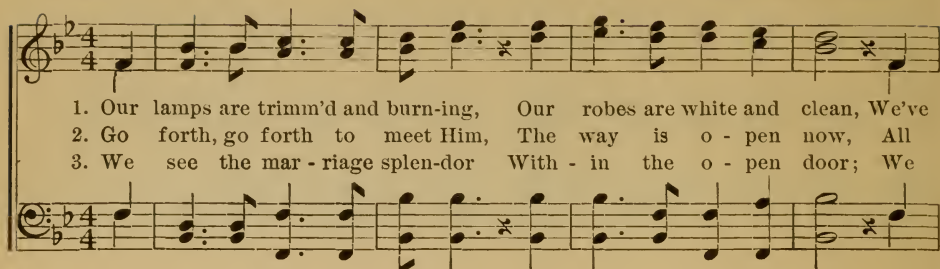


And glo - ry—glo - ry dwell - eth In . . . Im - man - uel's land.  
 I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing, From . . Im - man - uel's land.  
 Who sing where glo - ry dwell - eth, In . . . Im - man - uel's land.

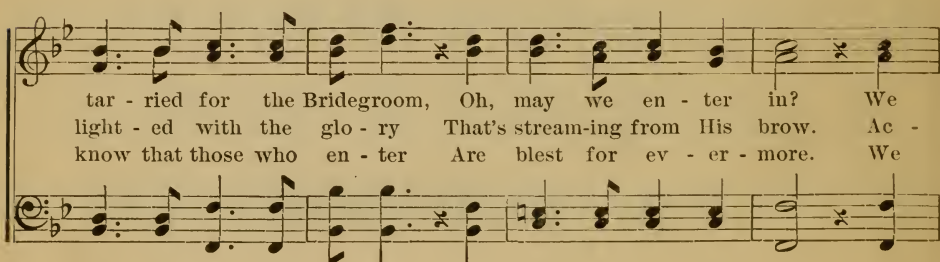


G. F. R.

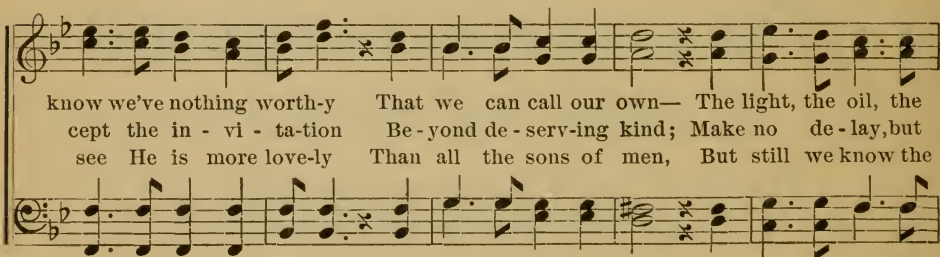
GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Our robes are white and clean, We've  
 2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All  
 3. We see the mar - riage splen-dor With - in the o - pen door; We

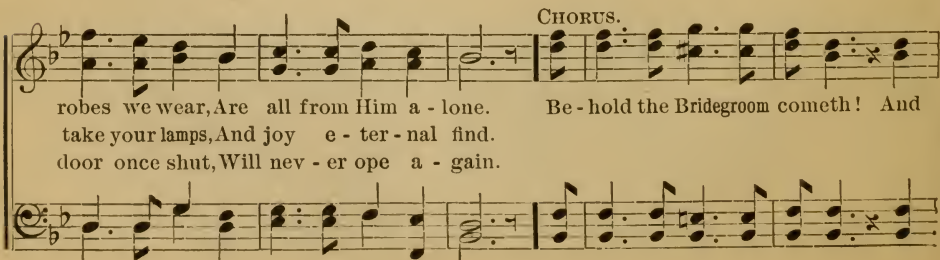


tar - ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we en - ter in? We  
 light - ed with the glo - ry That's stream-ing from His brow. Ac -  
 know that those who en - ter Are blest for ev - er - more. We



know we've nothing worth-y That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the  
 cept the in - vi - ta - tion Be - yond de - serv-ing kind; Make no de - lay, but  
 see He is more love-ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the

CHORUS.



robes we wear, Are all from Him a - lone. Be - hold the Bridegroom cometh! And  
 take your lamps, And joy e - ter - nal find.  
 door once shut, Will nev - er ope a - gain.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

all may en - ter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

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CALLING NOW.

*"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."*—Heb. 3: 15.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. This lov - ing Sav - iour Stands pa - tient - ly; Tho' oft re - ject - ed,  
2. Oh, bound-less mer - cy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er - ror,  
3. Tho' all un - wor - thy, Come, now, come home—Say, while He's wait - ing,

Calls a - gain for thee. Call-ing now for thee, prod - i - gal, Call-ing now for  
Heed the ten - der call.  
"Je - sus, dear, I come."

thee; Thou hast wan - dered far a - way, But He's call - ing now for thee.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won - d'rous love to  
 2. I will tell the won-d'rous sto - ry, How my lost es-tate to  
 3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri - um - phant pow'r I'll  
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n - ly love to

me; On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.  
 save, In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free - ly gave.  
 tell, How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.  
 me; He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

## CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing . . . . of my Re-deem - er, With His  
 Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er. With His

blood . . . He purchased me; . . . . On the cross . . . He sealed my  
 blood He purchased me, He purchased me, He purchased me; On the cross He sealed my par-don, On the

MY REDEEMER.

par - don, Paid the debt, . . . And made me free, And made me free.  
cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt and made me free,

126 KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

MRS. H. B. STOWE, arr.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

*With feeling.*

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!
2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wondrous fair;
3. Knocking, knocking, what still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair;

'Tis a Pil - grim, strange and king - ly, Nev - er such was seen be - fore.  
But the door is hard to o - pen, For the weeds and i - vy - vine.  
Yes, the pierc - ed hand still knocketh, And be - neath the crownèd hair

Ah! my soul, for such a won - der, Wilt Thou not un - do the door.  
With their dark and cling - ing ten - drils, Ev - er round the hing - es twine.  
Beam the pa - tient eyes, so ten - der, Of Thy Sav - iour, wait - ing there.

Words and music by G. F. R.

1. Hear the heavenly Shepherd say-ing, "I am the door;" Ye have heard His  
 2. 'Tis the door of life e-ter-nal, Why stay with-out? 'Tis your Saviour's  
 3. Darkness gathers round the sheep-fold, Yet there with-in All is light and

voice of mer-cy Man-y times be-fore. Why re-sist while  
 in-vi-ta-tion, Wherefore long-er doubt? Climb not up some  
 joy and glad-ness, With no grief nor sin. Once a-gain the

He is call-ing? Why so long de-lay? You can find no oth-er entrance,  
 oth-er way to Find this land so fair; On-ly thro' the door of par-don  
 Shepherd calls you 'Mid the gath'ring shades; Hear and heed His lov-ing ac-cents

## CHORUS.

Come, oh, come to-day!  
 Can you en-ter there. En-ter at the door, En-ter at the door,  
 Ere the day-light fades.

And with-in find peace and safe - ty Now and ev - er - more.

128

PURER YET AND PURER.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and  
 2. Calm - er yet and calm - er Tri - al bear and pain, Sur - er yet and  
 3. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night, Near - er yet and

dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find. Hop - ing still and trust - ing  
 sur - er Peace at last to gain; Suff - 'ring still and do - ing,  
 near - er Ris - ing to the light— Light se - rene and ho - ly,

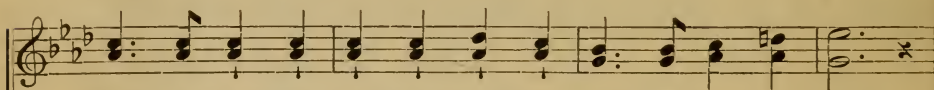
God with-out a fear. Pa - tiently be - liev - ing, He will make all clear.  
 To His will re - signed, And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.  
 Where my soul may rest, Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.

REV. A. C. COXE, D. D.

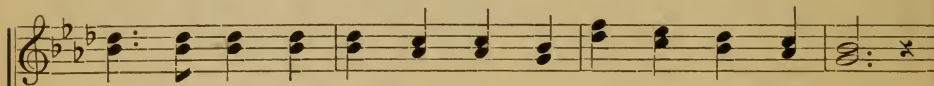
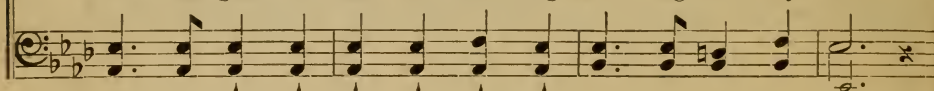
GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

*Piano e Marcato.*

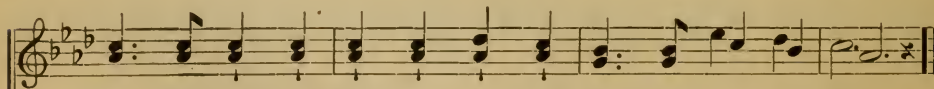
1. In the si - lent mid - night watch-es, List—thy bo - som's door!
2. Death comes down with reck - less foot-steps, To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand en - treat-ing Christ to let thee in;



How it knock-eth, knock-eth, knock-eth, Knock-eth ev - er - more!  
 Think you death will tar - ry knock-ing, When the door is shut?  
 At the gate of heav - en beat - ing, Wail - ing for thy sin?



Say not 'tis thy puls - es beat - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;  
 Je - sus wait - eth, wait - eth, wait - eth; But the door is fast;  
 Nay! a - las, thou guil - ty crea - ture! Hast thou, then, for - got?



'Tis Thy Sav - iour knocks, and cri - eth, "Rise, and let me in!"  
 Grieved, a - way thy Sav - iour go - eth, Death breaks in at last.  
 Je - sus wait - ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!



REV. M. L. HOFFORD.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The har-vest time is near; The  
 2. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The La-bor-ers are few! The  
 3. Look up! be-hold, the fields are white, The Mas-ter soon will come And

sum-mons of the Mas-ter falls Up-on the reap-er's ear; Go  
 gath'r-ing of the har-vest must By grace de-pend on you. Go  
 car-ry with re-joic-ing heart His gath-ered troph-ies home. And

forth in-to the gold-en grain And bind the prec-ious sheaves, And  
 forth throughout the bus-y world, The world of want and sin. And  
 can you stand with emp-ty arms, While glad-ly He re-ceives From

gar-ner for the Lord of hosts The har-vest which He gives.  
 gath-er for the Lord of hosts Its dy-ing mil-lions in.  
 oth-ers in the har-vest-field A load of prec-ious sheaves.

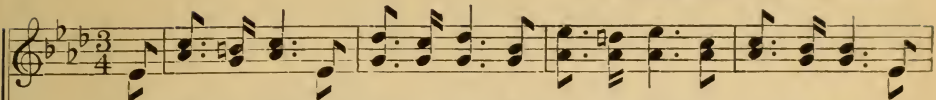
1. Lift up your eyes on the fields all white, Waving so full in the gos - pel light,  
 2. Hear how the Mas - ter is call - ing you, Th' harvest is great but the la - b'rors few,  
 3. Oth - ers have sown where you now may reap, Tho' they have gone to their long, long sleep,

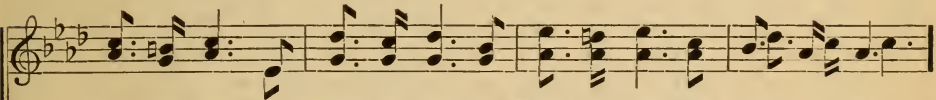
Gold - en the grain in the sunshine bright, The great harvest time has come.  
 Reap - ers are want - ed, faith - ful ones, true, For now is the har - vest time.  
 Je - sus His prom - is - es all will keep, Be - hold now the har - vest time.

Fields where the seed has been scattered long, Fields where the tall stalks are growing strong,  
 Wa - ges of life for the strong and brave, Wheat for the garner of life to save,  
 Now is the joy of the fall - en race, Now is the ful - ness of gos - pel grace,

Fields where the reapers now come with song, Shout - ing the har - vest home.  
 Res - cu - ing men from a sin - ful grave, Na - tions from ev - 'ry clime.  
 Now does the Mas - ter re - veal His face, Now is the har - vest time.

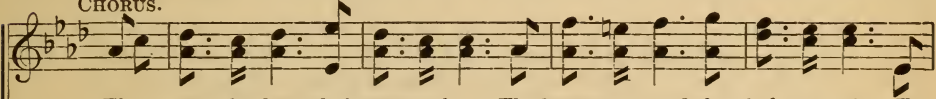
Words and music by G. F. ROOT.

- 
1. O hap - py day! O bless-ed hour! When, from the thrall of Satan's power, One
  2. O hap - py day! O bless-ed hour! When, from the storms that round us lower, One
  3. O hap - py day! O bless-ed hour! When, from our sure Defence and Tower, One

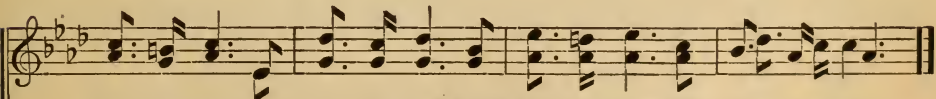


par-doned soul re - turns to Thee, O Might - y One! for - ev - er free.  
 trav - 'ler leaves the dang'rous road, And takes the nar - row path to God.  
 sol - dier, bat - t'ling with his sins, By help di-vine, the vict - 'ry wins.

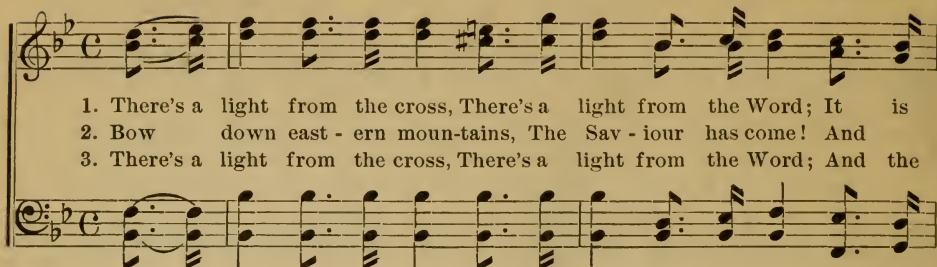
## CHORUS.



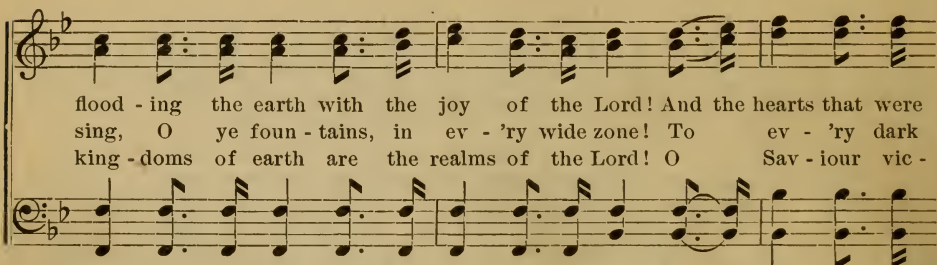
The an-gels chant their sweet-est lays, The heavens resound the lof - ty praise; To



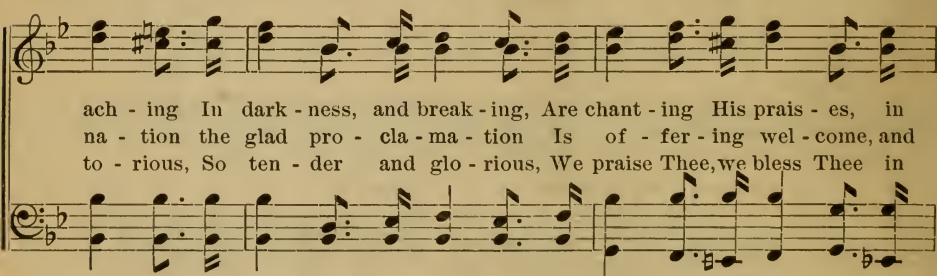
Him, they sing, all glo - ry be, Whose wondrous love has set us free.



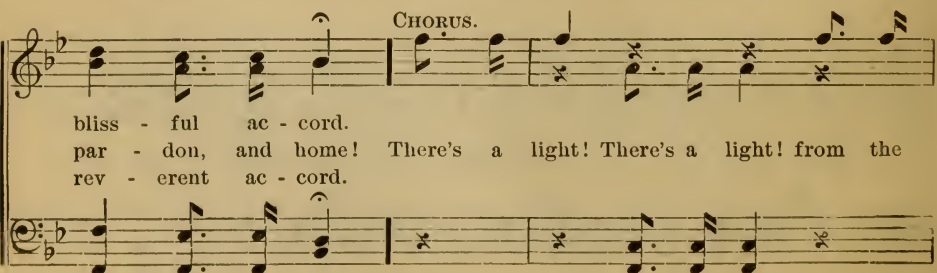
1. There's a light from the cross, There's a light from the Word; It is  
 2. Bow down east - ern moun-tains, The Sav - iour has come! And  
 3. There's a light from the cross, There's a light from the Word; And the



flood - ing the earth with the joy of the Lord! And the hearts that were  
 sing, O ye foun - tains, in ev - 'ry wide zone! To ev - 'ry dark  
 king - doms of earth are the realms of the Lord! O Sav - iour vic -



ach - ing In dark - ness, and break - ing, Are chant - ing His prais - es, in  
 na - tion the glad pro - cla - ma - tion Is of - fer - ing wel - come, and  
 to - rious, So ten - der and glo - rious, We praise Thee, we bless Thee in



bliss - ful ac - cord.  
 par - don, and home! There's a light! There's a light! from the  
 rev - erent ac - cord.

CHORUS.

THERE'S A LIGHT FROM THE CROSS.

cross, from the cross! There's a light from the cross! There's a light from the cross!

This musical score is for the hymn 'THERE'S A LIGHT FROM THE CROSS.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

134

NEARER TO ME.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Fa - ther, draw near to me, Near - er to me; I can not  
2. Lone were this world and drear, How could I stay, Did not Thy  
3. All thro' death's val - ley dark, Stand by my side, There with "Thy

This musical score is for the hymn 'NEARER TO ME.' It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

in the flesh, Mount up to Thee. O come and ev - er be,  
pres-ence here Bright - en the way? O heed my ear-nest plea,  
rod and staff" Com - fort and guide. O how I'll cling to Thee,

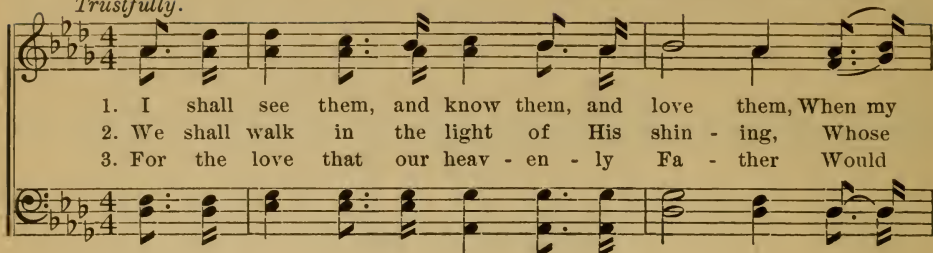
This musical score continues the hymn 'NEARER TO ME.' It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Dear Fa - ther, near - er me—Near - er to me, . . to me!  
Draw, Fa - ther, near - er me—Near - er to me, . . to me!  
Dear Fa - ther, near - er Thee—Near - er to Thee, . . to Thee!

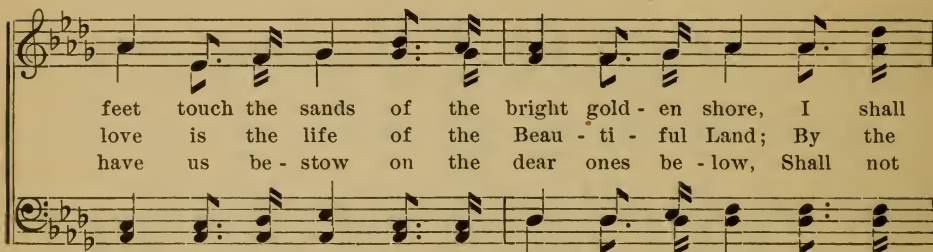
This musical score continues the hymn 'NEARER TO ME.' It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

## WAITING FOR ME.

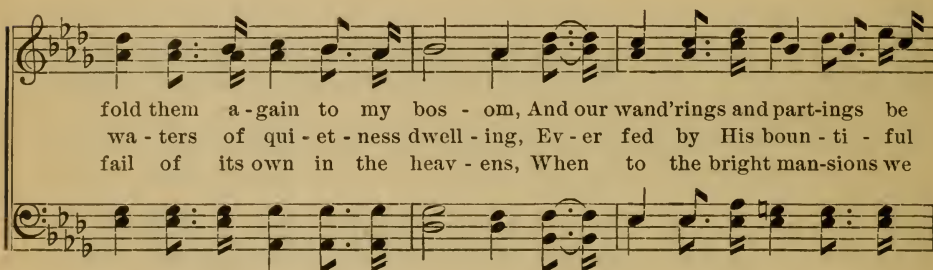
Words and music by J. R. MURRAY.

*Trustfully.*


1. I shall see them, and know them, and love them, When my  
2. We shall walk in the light of His shin - ing, Whose  
3. For the love that our heav - en - ly Fa - ther Would

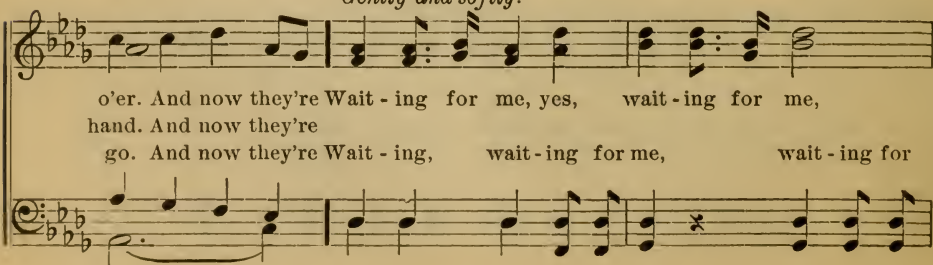


feet touch the sands of the bright gold - en shore, I shall  
love is the life of the Beau - ti - ful Land; By the  
have us be - stow on the dear ones be - low, Shall not



fold them a - gain to my bos - om, And our wand'rings and part-ings be  
wa - ters of qui - et - ness dwell - ing, Ev - er fed by His boun - ti - ful  
fail of its own in the heav - ens, When to the bright man-sions we

## REFRAIN.

*Gently and softly.*


o'er. And now they're Wait - ing for me, yes, wait - ing for me,  
hand. And now they're  
go. And now they're Wait - ing, wait - ing for me, wait - ing for

# WAITING FOR ME.

are all the hap-py ones o-ver the sea, Wait-ing for me, yes,  
me, all the Wait-ing, wait-ing, yes,

wait-ing for me, Are all the hap-py ones o-ver the sea.

136

# NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

DOBELL, arr'd.

G. F. R.

1. Now is th' accept-ed time, And now the day of grace; O brothers, come with -  
2. Now is th' accept-ed time, The Saviour calls to - day; To - mor-row it may  
3. Now is th' accept-ed time, The gos-pel bids you come; And ev - 'ry prom-ise

Now, now.

out de-lay, And seek the Saviour's face, And seek the Saviour's face.  
be too late; Then, why should you delay? Then, why should you delay?  
in His word Declares there yet is room, Declares there yet is room.

ORGAN.

Rev. H. M. KING, D. D.

J. R. M.

1. On - ward roll the a - ges, Full of grace to men; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings,  
 2. Forth the sowers go - ing, Bear the liv - ing truth, And with pray'r are sow - ing  
 3. Join your hap - py voi - ces In the song we sing; Christ, the low - ly Sav - iour,

Christ will come a - gain. Sing a - loud the an - them, Shout the triumph song,  
 In the heart of youth. Showers of grace are fall - ing, Morning, night, and noon;  
 Is th'ex - alt - ed King. Lift the joy - ful cho - rus Up to heaven's dome;

CHORUS.  
 All earth's teeming na - tions Shall to Christ be - long.  
 All the earth is blooming. Har - vest will be soon. On - ward roll the a - ges,  
 Soon we'll blend our prais - es In the harvest home.

Full of grace to men; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings, Sing the glad re - refrain.

MINNIE K. CLARK.

H. H. McGRANAHAN.

1. There's a crown in heaven for me, A crown that I may wear; There's a  
 2. There's a song in heaven for me, A song that I may sing; There's a  
 3. There's a robe in heaven for me, A robe so clean and white; There's a  
 4. There's a home in heaven for me, A home be-yond all sin; There's a

crown in heaven for thee, A crown with jew-els rare. For me and for  
 song in heaven for thee, A praise to Christ our King.  
 robe in heaven for thee, Oh, pure and sweet de - light.  
 home in heaven for thee, Come ye, and en - ter in. For me

Thee, Yes, there's a crown for you and for me; For  
 song  
 robe  
 and for Thee home

me and for thee, Yes, there's a crown for you and for me.  
 song  
 robe  
 For me and for thee, home

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

W. F. SUDDS.

*mp Moderato.*

1. All the way home the Sav - iour will guide you, Com - fort, sus - tain, what -  
 2. All the way home His prom - ise shall cheer you, In ev - 'ry toil He'll  
 3. All the way home the Sav - iour will bless you, Fears all in vain shall

ev - er be - tide you; He by His grace all your need will sup - ply,  
 sure - ly be near you; Ten - der - ly feed you with man - na di - vine,  
 seek to dis - tress you; Bright - ly His light on your path - way may gleam,

Well-springs of love are a - bun - dant on high. Ev - er, and ev - er His  
 Gra - cious - ly teach you your will to re - sign. Ev - er, and ev - er His  
 Guid - ing your steps with its ra - di - ant beam. Ev - er, and ev - er its

all the way home.

care will be nigh,  
 mer - cy shall shine, All the way, all the way home. . . .  
 brill - iance shall stream,

# ALL THE WAY HOME.

## REFRAIN.

All the way home, all the way home, all the way home.

*p* All the way home, all the way, all the way, all the way home.

*mf*

Ev - er, and ev - er His care will be nigh,  
 Ev - er, and ev - er His mer - cy shall shine, All the way, all the way home.  
 Ev - er, and ev - er its brilliance shall stream,

140

# FORWARD, MARCH.

THEO. MONOD.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Forward, march! Forward, march! Sin - ner, to the Saviour clinging, Trembling, trusting,  
 2. Forward, march! Forward, march! Tar - ry not to count thy treasure; He will deal it  
 3. Forward, march! Forward, march! Art thou faint? He stands be - side thee: He shall help thee,  
 4. Forward, march! Forward, march! Thro' th' allurements of tempta - tion, Thro' the fires of  
 5. Forward, march! Forward, march! Till thy bending head be hoar - y, Till shall close thine

smil - ing, sing - ing, Hark! a - gain His voice is ring - ing, "For - ward, march!"  
 with - out meas - ure As thou do - est His good pleasure — For - ward, march!  
 guard thee, guide thee, In His shad - ow He shall hide thee — For - ward, march!  
 trib - u - la - tion, Hold - ing forth the great sal - va - tion, For - ward, march!  
 earth - ly sto - ry, Till thou step from grace to glo - ry, For - ward, march!

## STEAL AWAY!

SLAVE SONG.

*p* Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

The first system of music is in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It consists of four measures. The first two measures are eighth notes, and the last two are quarter notes. The bass line is in the bass clef, starting with a whole rest in the first measure, followed by eighth notes in the second and third measures, and a quarter note in the fourth measure.

*p* *mf* *3* *p* *FINE.*

Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I have not long to stay here.

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. It includes dynamic markings of piano (*p*), mezzo-forte (*mf*), and piano (*p*). There is a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3'. The system ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE.'.

*f*

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The  
 2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand tremb-ling; The  
 3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning; The

The third system of music features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are provided for three different verses.

*p* *D.C.*

trump - et sounds it in my soul: I have not long to stay here.

The fourth system of music continues the melody and bass line. It includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) marking. The melody ends with a half note.

# 142 NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN.

No - bod - y knows the trouble I've seen, No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,

No - bod - y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah.

1. { Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down, Oh yes Lord,  
Al - though you see me going along so, Oh yes Lord,  
2. { One day when I was walk - ing along, Oh yes Lord,  
I nev - er shall for - get that day, Oh yes Lord,

*D.C. al fine.*

Some - times I'm al - most to the ground, Oh, yes Lord. }  
I have my tri - als here be - low, Oh, yes Lord. }  
The ele - ments opened and the Lord came down, Oh, yes Lord. }  
When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Oh, yes Lord. }

## I'VE BEEN A LIST'NING.

## SLAVE SONG.

*p*

I've been a - list'ning all the night long, Been a - list'ning all the

*FINE.*

day, I've been a - list'ning all the night long, To hear some sin-ner pray.

*f*

1. Some say that John the Bap - tist, Was noth - ing but a Jew, But the  
2. Go read the fifth of Matthew, And read the chap - ter thro' It  
3. There was a search in heav - en, And all the earth a - round, John

*D.C.*

Bi - ble doth in - form us, That he was a preach - er too.  
is the guide to Christ - ians, And tells them what to do.  
stood in sor - row hop - ing, That a Sav - iour might be found.

## SLAVE SONG.

Arr. by W. F. SUDDS.

1. { I hope my moth - er will be there, In that beau - ti - ful world  
That used to join with me in prayer, In that beau - ti - ful world
2. { I hope my sis - ter will be there, In that beau - ti - ful world  
That used to join with me in prayer, In that beau - ti - ful world

## REFRAIN.

on high. high. Oh, I will be there, . . . . . Oh, I will be

there . . . . . with the palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of

will be there,

glo - ry you shall wear, In that beau - ti - ful world on high. . .

3 I hope my brother will be there,  
In that beautiful world on high,  
That used to join with me in prayer,  
In that beautiful world on high.

4 I know my Saviour will be there,  
In that beautiful world on high,  
That used to listen to my prayer,  
In that beautiful world on high.

W. F. SUDDS, by permission.

*Slowly, and with much expression.*

SOLO, BARITONE OR TENOR.

1. I am coming to the cross, I am  
 2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and

poor, and weak, and blind, I am counting all but dross, I shall  
 time, and earth - ly store, Soul and bod - y, Thine to be, Whol - ly

full sal - va - tion find. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil dwelt within,  
 Thine for - ev - ermore. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood applied,

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

*rall.*

Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."  
I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

*pp*

CHORUS.

*Let 2nd Tenors predominate.*

*p*

I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of

*p*

*pp*

Cal - va - ry. Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus save me,

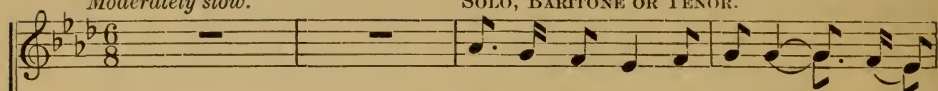
*pp*

Je - sus save me, Je - sus save me, save me now.

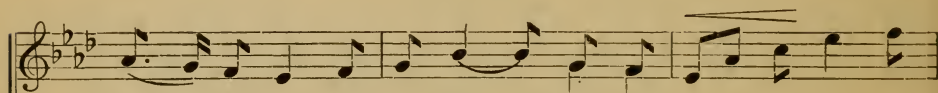
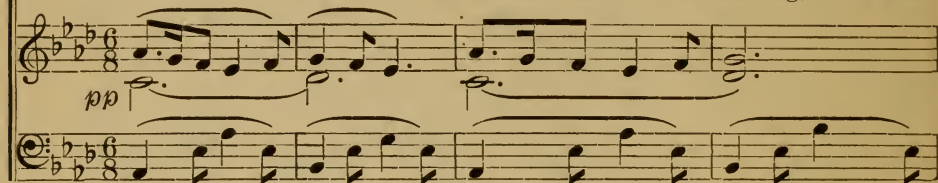
W. F. SUDDS, Sept. 11, 1887.

*Moderately slow.*

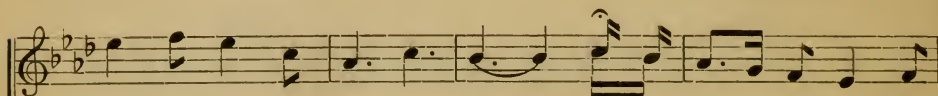
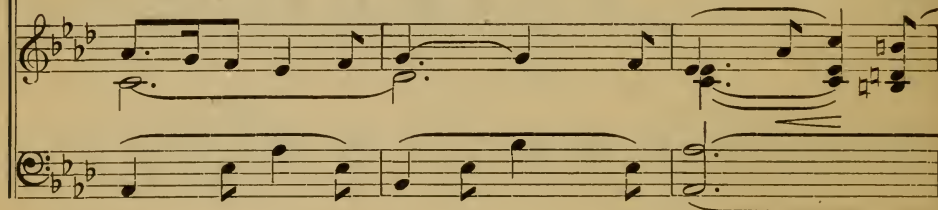
SOLO, BARITONE OR TENOR.



1. O to be o - ver yon - der, In that  
 2. O to be o - ver yon - der, A -  
 3. O when shall I be dwell-ing, Where



beau - ti - ful land of won - der, Where the an - gel voice - es  
 las, I sigh and won - der, Why clings my poor, weak  
 an - gels voice - es swell - ing In tri - um - phant hal - le



min - gle and the harp - ers ring, To be free from care and  
 heart to an - y earth - ly thing, Each tie of earth must  
 lu - jahs make the heav - ens ring, Where the heav - en - ly gates are



O TO BE OVER YONDER.

sor - row, And the anx - ious dread to - mor - row, To  
sev - er, And pass a - way for - ev - er, But there's  
gleam-ing, And the morn - ing star is beam-ing, O

rest in light and sun-shine, In the pres-ence of the King.  
no more sep - a - ra - tion, In the pres-ence of the King.  
when shall I be yon - der, In the pres-ence of the King.

*mp* CHORUS.

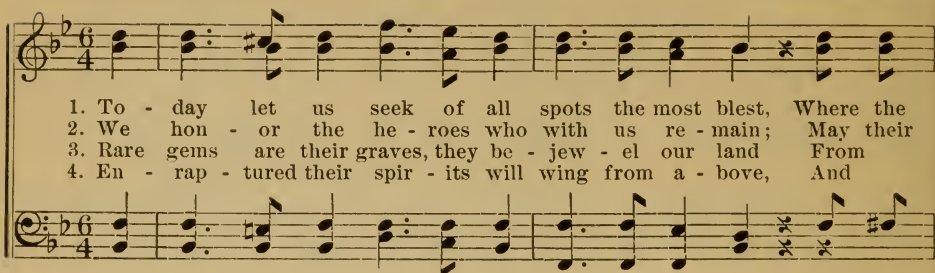
O to be o - ver yon - der, My yearn-ing heart grows fonder, And the

lov-ing groweth stronger, For the pres-ence of the King.

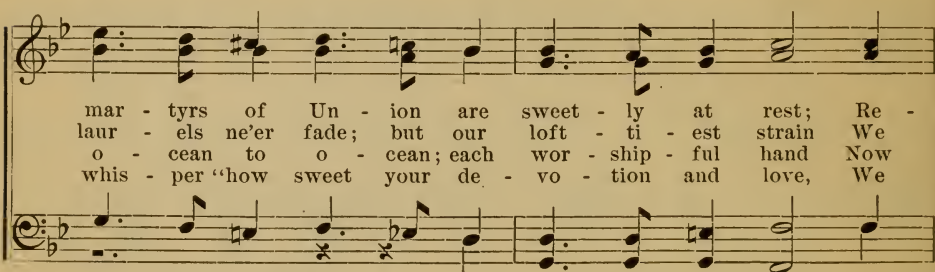
Poetry by JAS. F. SAYERS.

FOR DECORATION.

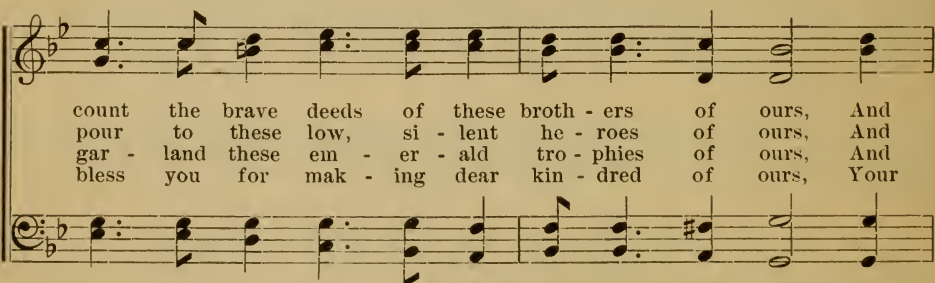
W. F. SUDDS.



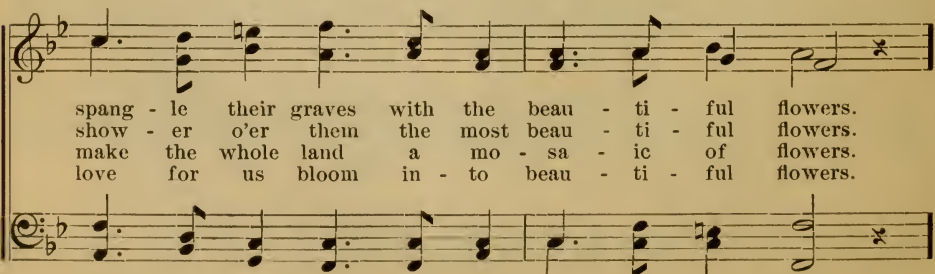
1. To - day let us seek of all spots the most blest, Where the  
 2. We hon - or the he - roes who with us re - main; May their  
 3. Rare gems are their graves, they be - jew - el our land From  
 4. En - rap - tured their spir - its will wing from a - bove, And



mar - tyrs of Un - ion are sweet - ly at rest; Re -  
 laur - els ne'er fade; but our loft - ti - est strain We  
 o - cean to o - cean; each wor - ship - ful hand Now  
 whis - per 'how sweet your de - vo - tion and love, We



count the brave deeds of these broth - ers of ours, And  
 pour to these low, si - lent he - roes of ours, And  
 gar - land these em - er - ald tro - phies of ours, And  
 bless you for mak - ing dear kin - dred of ours, Your



spang - le their graves with the beau - ti - ful flowers.  
 show - er o'er them the most beau - ti - ful flowers.  
 make the whole land a mo - sa - ic of flowers.  
 love for us bloom in - to beau - ti - ful flowers.

# BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

REFRAIN. *p*

*mf*

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flowers . . . . . In their

beau - ti - ful flowers

rest, . . . . .

green cov - ered tents, let them rest, let them rest, 'Neath the

stars of the red white and blue, Till in fresh-ness im - mor - tal they

rise, mong the blest, For the heav - en - ly chieftains re - view.

*mf* Rather slowly.

Let not your heart be trou - led, Let not your heart be trou - led,

Ye be - lieve in God, ye be - lieve in God,

ye be - lieve in God, ye be - lieve in

*f* ye be - lieve in God, believe al - so in me. al - so in me. In my  
*mp* God, be - lieve in God, be - lieve

Fa - ther's house are man - y man - sions If it were not so I would have

told you, And if I go to pre - pare a place for you, I will

*f*

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.

come a gain . . . . And re-ceive you un-to my - self, That where  
I will come a-gain,

I am, That where I am There may ye be al - so . . .

Let not your heart . . . . be  
Let not your heart be troubled, Let not your heart be troubl-ed,

Ye be-lieve in God, ye be-lieve in God,  
ye be-lieve in God, ye be-lieve in

ye be-lieve in God, be-lieve al - so in me. al - so in me. . . .  
God, believe in God, be-lieve

## THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

FRANZ ABT.

*p Moderato.*

There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman - uel's veins, And

sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Loose all their guil - ty stains The

dy-ing thief re - joiced to see, that foun-tain in his day, And there may

I . . . . . though vile as he Wash all my sins a -  
And there may I Though vile as he,

way. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood, shall nev - er lose its power, Till

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

all the ransomed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.

*mf* E'er since by faith, I saw that stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply, *piu mosso.* Re - deem-ing love has

been my theme, And shall be, till I die, . . . Then in a nobler, sweeter

I'll

song, I'll sing Thy pow'r, Thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisp - ing stam'ring tongue, Lies

sing Thy pow'r, Thy pow'r to save.

si - lent in the grave,

Lies si - lent in the grave.

Lies si - lent in the grave, in the

Lies

*p Moderato.*

Oh, that I had wings, Oh, that I had wings,  
that I had wings, that I had wings, that I had  
Oh, . . . . . that I had wings, Oh, . . . . .  
wings like a dove. . . . .

*mf*

Oh, that I had wings, Oh, . . . . that I had wings like a dove, How  
wings, that I had wings,  
like a dove. . . . .

*accel.*

quick-ly then I'd fly a-way, . . . I'd fly a-way. . .  
fly a-way, I'd fly a-way,  
a-way, . . . I'd

*lento. dim.* *p* *pp*

And be at rest, and be at rest.  
fly a-way. rest. . . . .

It may in many cases be best to change key to E flat.

OH, THAT I HAD WINGS.

*mp*

Oh, that I had wings, Oh, that I had wings,  
that I had wings, that I had wings, that I had

Oh, . . . . . that I had wings, Oh, . . . . .

*mf*

wings like a dove. . . . .  
Oh, that I had wings, Oh, . . . that I had wings like a dove, How  
wings, that I had wings,  
like a dove. . . . . , . . . . .

*accel.* *ff*

quick-ly then I'd fly a-way, How swift-ly then I'd fly a -

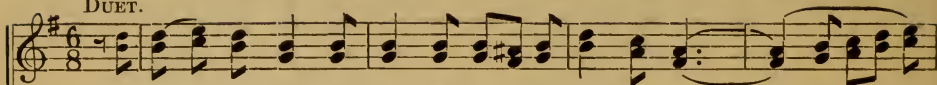
*p* *pp*

way, And be at rest, and be at rest, and be at rest. . . .  
rest. . . . .

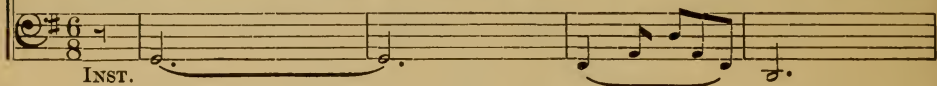
*Moderato.*

CARL BRUCHE.

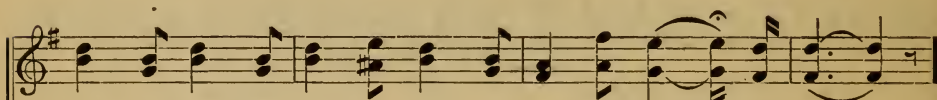
DUET.



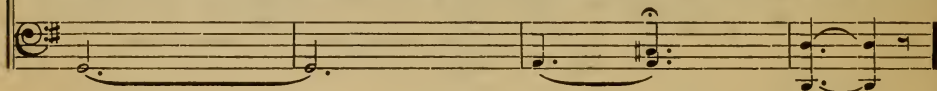
1. Sorrow and care may meet, The temp-est cloud may low'r, . . The surge of  
 2. The din of war may roll, With all it's rag-ing blight, . . Grief may op-  
 3. In child-hood's winsome page, In man-hood's joy-ous bloom, . . In fee-ble-



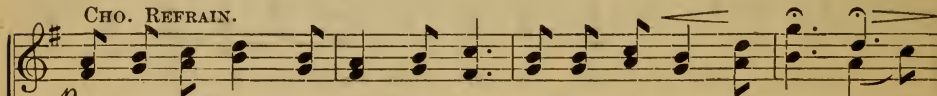
INST.



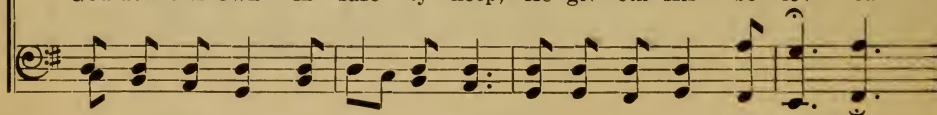
sin, The surge of sin may beat, Up-on earth's troub-led shore.  
 press, grief may op-press the soul Through-out the wea-ry night.  
 ness, In fee-ble-ness and age, In death's dark gath-'ring gloom.



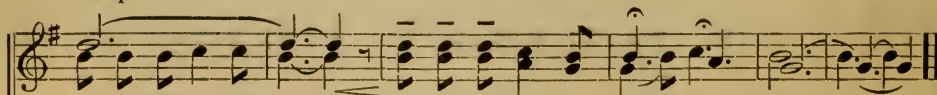
CHO. REFRAIN.



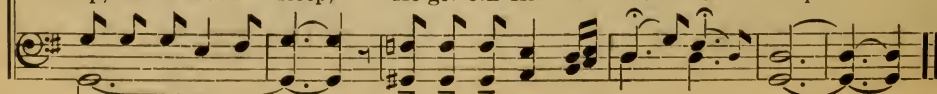
*p* God doth His own in safe-ty keep, He giv-eth His be-lov-ed



sleep . . . . .



sleep, His be-loved sleep, He giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep. . . .



sleep. . . . .

BEETHOVEN. Arr. by W. F. SUDDS.

*Slowly.*

*p*

1. Lo! tis night, and earth is hushed in si - lence, While yon moon leads  
 2. How the o - cean tell - eth of Thy won - ders, Ev - er pro - claim - ing Thy  
 3. Calm - ly, soft - ly, may sweet sleep de - scend - ing, In re - pose these

on her star - ry way, Where vast unnumber'd worlds, through boundless space are  
 boundless pow'r and might, We hear Thy wel - come voice a - mid the jar - ring  
 wea - ry eye - lids seal, May peace - ful hap - py dreams be - fore my vis - ion

*p*

roll - ing, And o - cean waves keep time with slow and measured song, Lo! tis  
 thunders, Its mys - tic sound heralds the har - mo - nies of night, E're I  
 ris - ing, The promised joys of heaven un - to my soul re - veal, E're I

*f*

night, to Thee, Lord, would I raise, songs of grate - ful love and praise.  
 sleep, to Thee I fain would raise, songs of grate - ful love and praise.  
 sleep, to Thee I fain would raise, songs of grate - ful love and praise.

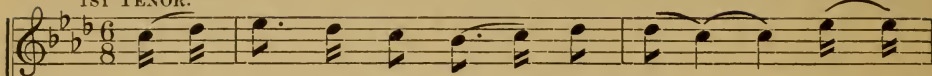
Poetry by F. M. FINCH.

MALE VOICES.

W. F. SUDDS.

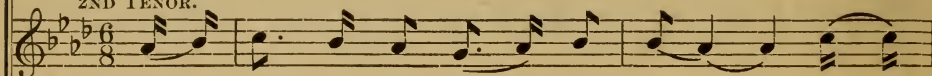
By permission.

1ST TENOR.



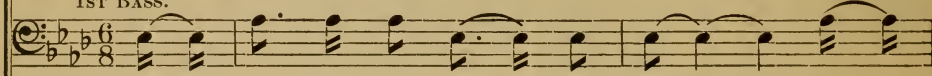
1. By the flow of the in - land riv - er . . . Whence the

2ND TENOR.



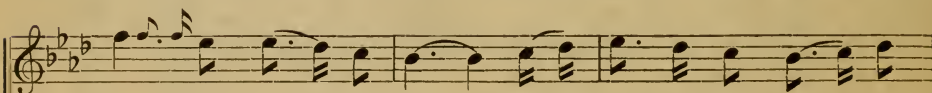
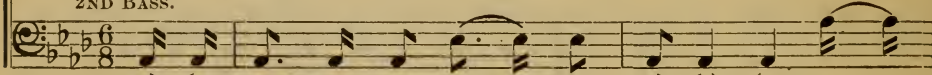
3. From the si - lence of sor - row - ful hours . . . . The . . .

1ST BASS.

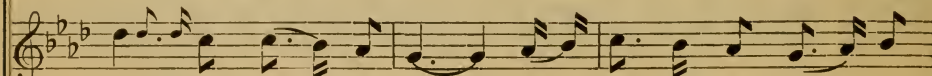


5. No . . more shall the war . . cry sev - er . . . Or the

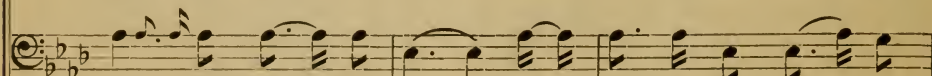
2ND BASS.



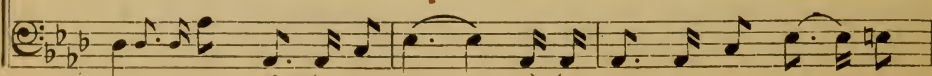
fleets of iron have fled . . When the blades of the grave - grass



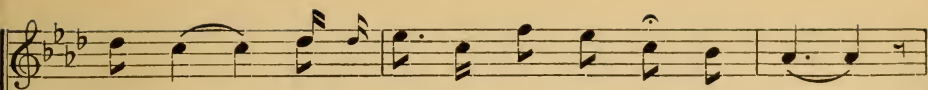
des - o - late mourn - ers go . . . Each lov - ing - ly laden with



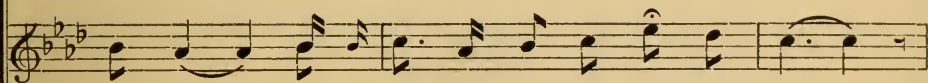
wind - ing riv - ers be red . . They ban - ish our an - ger for -



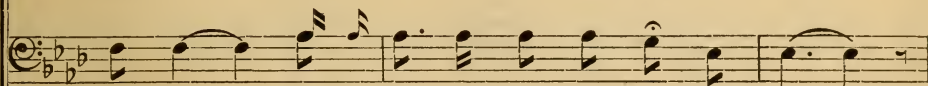
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.



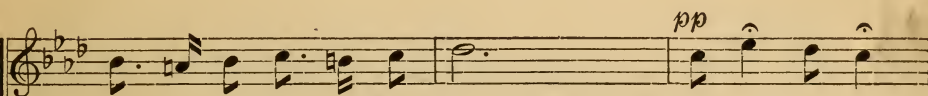
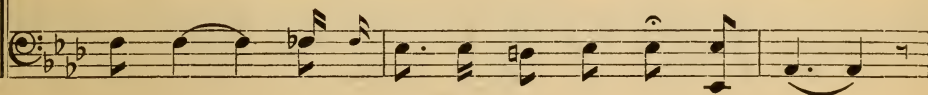
quiv - er . . . A - sleep are the ranks of the dead.



flow - ers . . . A - like for the friend and the foe . . .

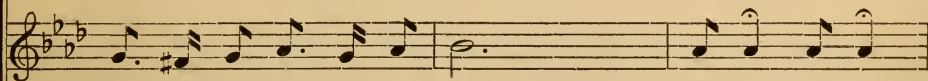


ev - er . . . When they lau - rel the graves of the dead . . .



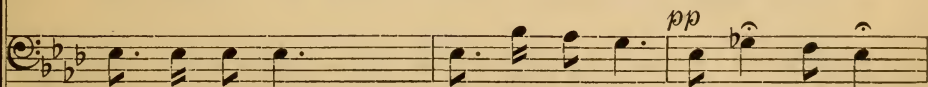
Un - der the sod and the dew.

Wait-ing, wait-ing,



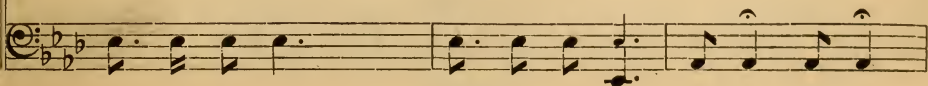
Un - der the sod and the dew.

Wait-ing, wait-ing,



Un - der the sod.

Un - der the dew. Wait-ing, wait-ing,  
Un - der the sod.



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

*mf*

wait - ing the Judg-ment day. Under the one the blue,

wait - ing the Judg-ment day. Under the ros-es the blue,

*mf*

wait - ing the Judg-ment day. Love and tears for the blue.

*mf*

Under the oth-er the gray. 2. These in the robings of glo - ry. .

*mf*

Under the lil - ies the gray. 4. So with an e - qual splen - dor The

*mf*

Tears and love for the gray. 6. Sad - ly but not up - braid - ing,

*mf*

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Those in the gloom of de - feat . . All with their bat - tle blood

morn - ing sun - rays fall . . With a touch im - par - tial - ly

gen - er - ous deed was done . . In the storm of the years that are

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

go - ry . . . In the dusk of e - ter - ni - ty meet . .

ten - der . . On the blos - soms bloom - ing for all, . . .

fad - ing . . No brav - er bat - tle was won . . .

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The key signature remains three flats. The lyrics continue across the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The last two staves are in bass clef with the same key signature. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "Un - der the sod and the dew. Wait-ing, wait-ing,". The second staff has the same lyrics. The third staff has the lyrics: "Un - der the sod. Un - der the dew. Wait-ing, wait-ing, Un - der the sod." The fourth staff continues the melody.

Un - der the sod and the dew. Wait-ing, wait-ing,

Un - der the sod and the dew. Wait-ing, wait-ing,

Un - der the sod. Un - der the dew. Wait-ing, wait-ing, Un - der the sod.

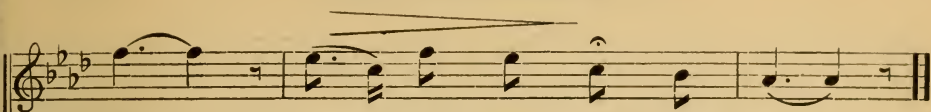
The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The last two staves are in bass clef with the same key signature. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Un - der the lau - rel the". The second staff has the same lyrics. The third staff has the lyrics: "wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Broider'd with gold the". The fourth staff continues the melody.

wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Un - der the lau - rel the

wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Broider'd with gold the

wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Un - der the blos - soms the

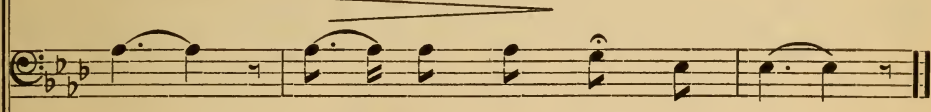
# THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.



Blue. . . Under the wil - low the Gray.



Blue. . . Mel - lowed with gold the Gray.



Blue. . . Under the gar - lands the Gray.

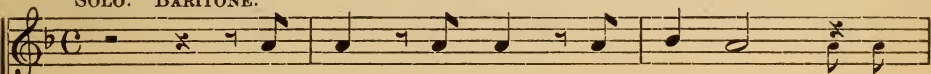


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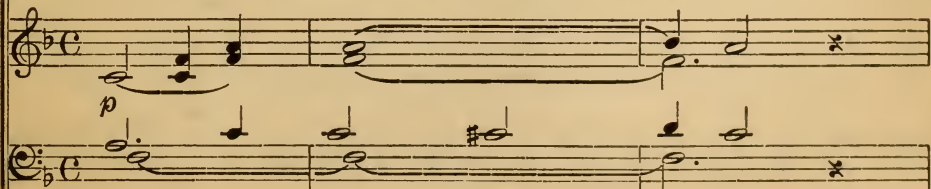
## THE WAY IS DARK.

W. F. SUDDS.

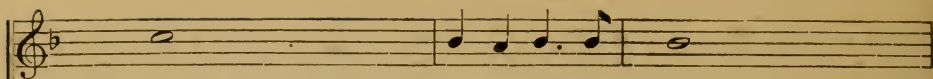
SOLO. BARITONE.



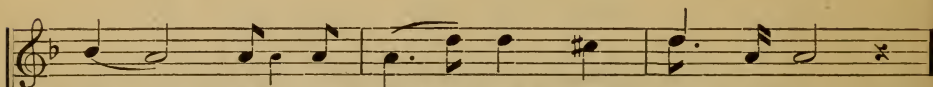
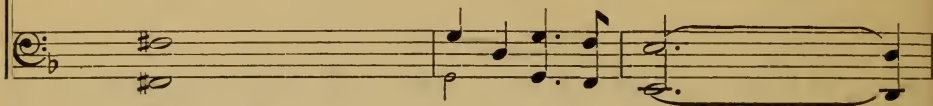
1. The way is dark, my Fath - er, And the
2. The day de - clines, my Fath - er, And the
3. The way is long, my Fath - er, And my



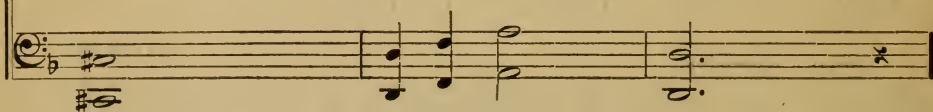
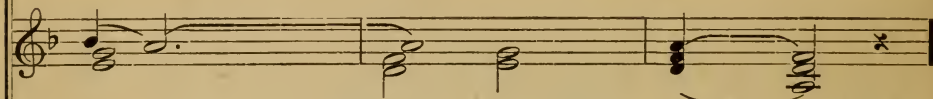
THE WAY IS DARK.



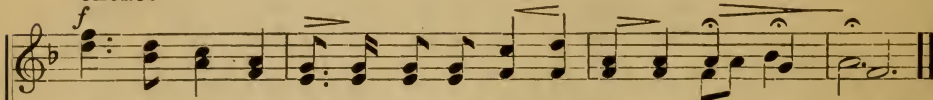
Cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, And loud the thunders roar a -  
night is drawing dark - ly down. My faithless sight sees ghostly  
soul longs for the rest and quiet of the goal, While yet I journey thro' this weary



bove me, See, I stand like one be - wil - dered!  
vis - ions, A spec - tral band en - com - pass me.  
land, Keep . . me from wan - d'ring.



CHORUS.



Fa - ther take my hand, And thro' the gloom lead safe - ly home Thy child.  
Fa - ther take my hand, And from the night lead up to light Thy child.  
Fa - ther take my hand, The hour is late, lead to heavens gate Thy child.



## HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

HYMN. ANTHEM.

W. F. SUDDS.

*f With spirit.*

1. Hark! hark! my soul, An - gel - ic songs are swelling, O'er earth's green fields, And  
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls for

ocean's wave beat shore, How sweet the truth, those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of  
Je - sus bids you come," And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ringing, The

that new life, when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,  
mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.

*p poco lento.*  
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night. 3. Far, far a - way, like

*p dim.*  
bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds O'er land and sea, And

# HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

*Lento.*

la - den souls by thou - sands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd lead their wea - ry souls to Thee.

*f*  
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

*p* TENOR SOLO.  
Rest comes at last, though life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and

darksome night be past, All journeys end in wel - come to the wea - ry, And

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

*f* *p* *lento mosso.*

heav'n, the hearts true home, will come at last, will come at last.

*f* *a tempo.*

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

pil - grims of the night, An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

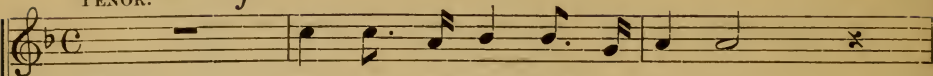
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night. A - men.

## PSALM XLVII.

W. F. SUDDS, Op. 159, No. 4.

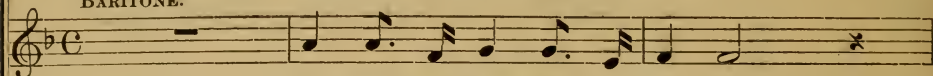
*With vigor.*

TENOR.

 $f$ 

O clap your hands all ye peo - ple.

BARITONE.

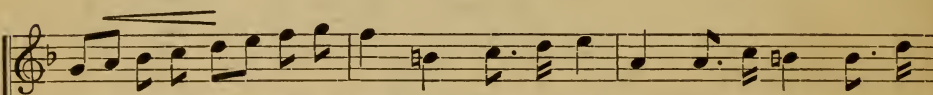
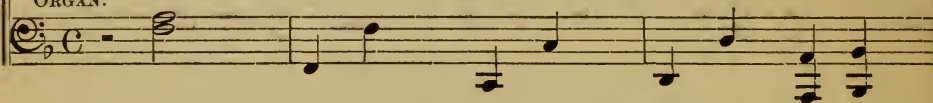


O clap your hands all ye peo - ple.

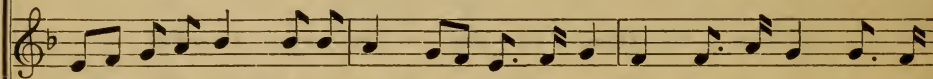
PIANO

OF  
ORGAN.

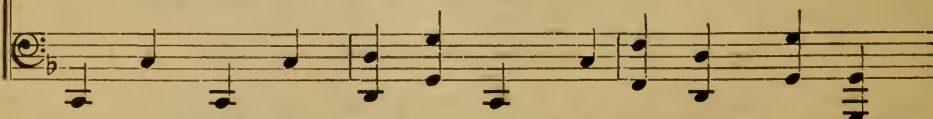
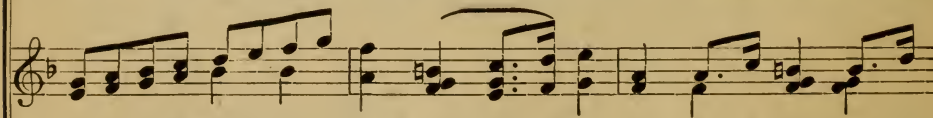
mf



Sing un-to God with the voice of mel - o - dy, O clap your hands all ye

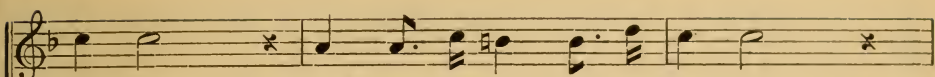


Sing un-to God with the voice of mel - o - dy, O clap your hands all ye

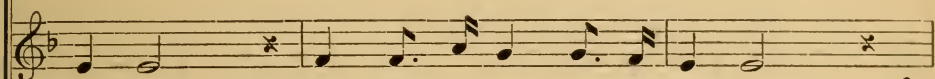


\* May be sung as a two part chorus, in which case a few of the lower voices should sing the small notes in last three measures.

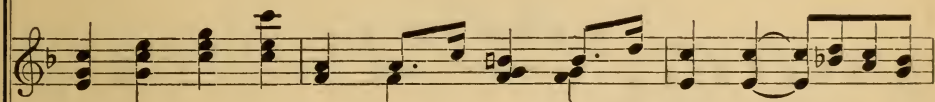
O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.



peo - ple. O clap your hands all ye peo - ple,

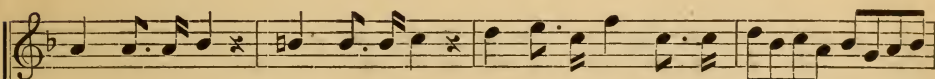
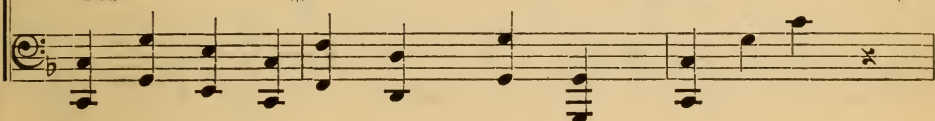


peo - ple. O clap your hands all ye peo - ple,

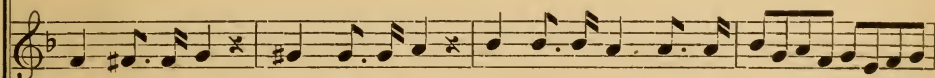


*Ped.*

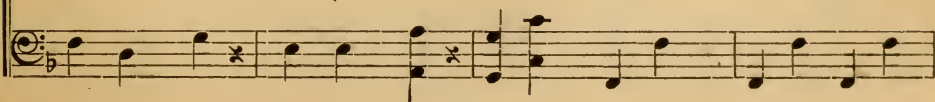
*Ped.*



Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God with the voi -



Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God with the voi -



O' CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

*f*

ce of mel - o - dy. The voice of mel - o -

ce of mel - o - dy. The voice of mel - o -

dy For the Lord is high and to be fear - ed.

dy He is the great

*Ped.*

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

For the Lord is high and to be  
King up - on all the earth.

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a whole rest, followed by a measure with a cross symbol (X) and a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The middle staff continues the melody with a triplet of eighth notes and a quarter note, followed by a whole rest. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, featuring a series of chords and a repeat sign.

fear - ed, He is the great King up - on, up - on . . . . .

He is the great King up - on, up - on . . . . .

ff Ped. \*

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, starting with a forte (ff) dynamic and a triplet of eighth notes. The second staff continues the melody with a triplet of eighth notes. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat, featuring a series of chords and a forte (ff) dynamic. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat, featuring a series of chords and a forte (ff) dynamic. The system concludes with a forte (ff) dynamic, a pedaling instruction (Ped.), and an asterisk (\*).

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

the earth. up - on the

the earth. up - on the

*Ped.* \*

This system contains four staves. The first two are vocal staves in G major (one sharp) with lyrics. The third is a piano accompaniment staff with chords and a 'Ped.' marking. The fourth is a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a '\*' marking.

earth. *mf* O clap your hands all ye peo-ple.

earth. O clap your hands all ye peo-ple.

*Ped.* \*

This system continues the piece. It features two vocal staves with lyrics and two piano accompaniment staves. The third staff has a 'Ped.' marking and a '\*' marking. The tempo/mood is marked 'mf'.

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

Sing un-to God with the voice of mel-o-dy, Sing un-to God, un-to

Sing un-to God with the voice of mel-o-dy, Sing un-to God, un-to

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts in G major, with lyrics 'Sing un-to God with the voice of mel-o-dy, Sing un-to God, un-to'. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the left hand playing a simple harmonic pattern and the right hand playing chords and single notes.

God, un-to God, un-to God. With the voi - - -

God, un-to God, un-to God. With the voi - - -

The second system of the musical score continues the melody. The top two staves are vocal parts, with lyrics 'God, un-to God, un-to God. With the voi - - -'. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, featuring more complex chordal textures and a steady bass line.

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

ce of mel-o - dy, For the Lord is high and to be

ce of mel - o - dy,

This system contains four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics 'ce of mel-o - dy, For the Lord is high and to be'. The second staff continues the vocal line with 'ce of mel - o - dy,'. The third staff is a piano accompaniment featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line with chords and a few melodic fragments.

fear - ed, For the

He is the great King up-on all the earth,

This system contains four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics 'fear - ed, For the'. The second staff continues the vocal line with 'He is the great King up-on all the earth,' and includes triplet markings. The third staff is a piano accompaniment with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass line with chords and a few melodic fragments.

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

Lord is high and to be fear - ed. He is the great

He is the great

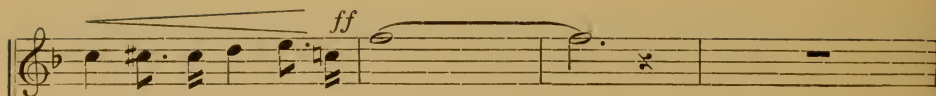
This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G-clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains the lyrics 'Lord is high and to be fear - ed. He is the great'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in F-clef with a key signature of one flat. It features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a single eighth note in the left hand, with the lyrics 'He is the great' underneath.

King . . up - on all the earth, . . . . Sing un - to God, un - to

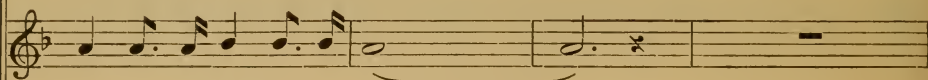
King . . up - on all the earth, . . . . Sing un - to God, un - to

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G-clef with a key signature of one flat. It contains the lyrics 'King . . up - on all the earth, . . . . Sing un - to God, un - to'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in F-clef with a key signature of one flat. It features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a single eighth note in the left hand, with the lyrics 'King . . up - on all the earth, . . . . Sing un - to God, un - to' underneath.

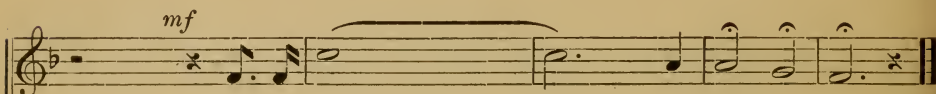
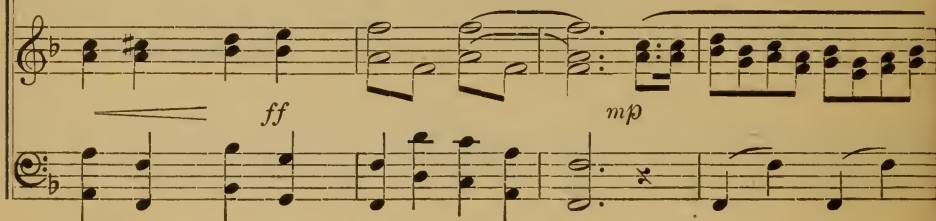
O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.



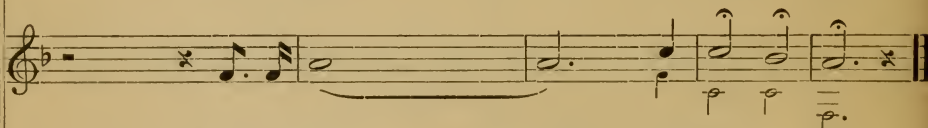
God, un - to God, un - to God. . . . .



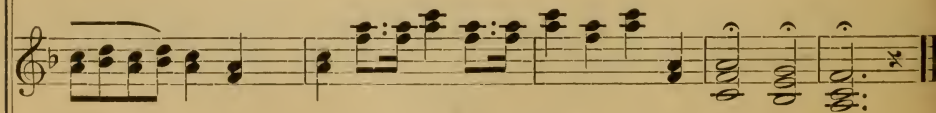
God, un - to God, un - to God. . . . .



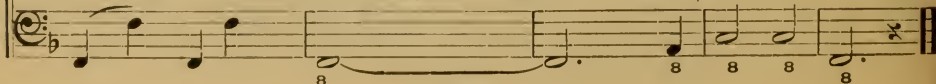
With the voice . . . . . of mel - o - dy.



With the voice . . . . . of mel - o - dy.



*Ped. rall.*



# 157 BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

W. F. SUDDS.  
2nd setting.

BASS SOLO.

*p*

1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing,      Be-yond the wak-ing and the  
2. Be-yond the bloom-ing and the fad-ing,      Be-yond the shin-ing and the  
3. Be-yond the part-ing and the meet-ing,      Be-yond the fare-well and the

*pp*

sleep-ing,      Be-yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.  
shad-ing,      Be-yond the hop-ing and the dread-ing, I shall be soon.  
greet-ing,      Be-yond the pul-se's fe-ver beat-ing, I shall be soon.

CHORUS.

*pp*      *mp*

I shall be soon. Love, rest and home, sweet, sweet, home, Lord tarry not, but come, but come.

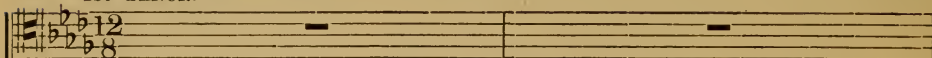
## LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

TRIO FOR MALE VOICES, OR THREE PART CHORUS.

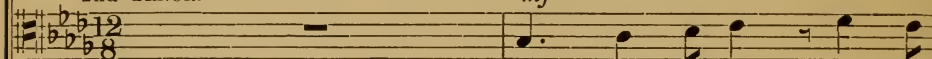
*Moderato. Vigoroso.*

W. F. SUDDS, by per.

1st TENOR.

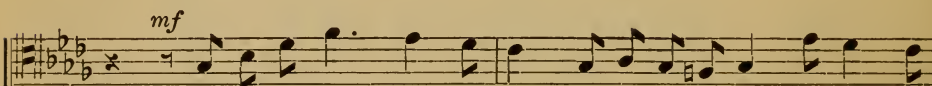
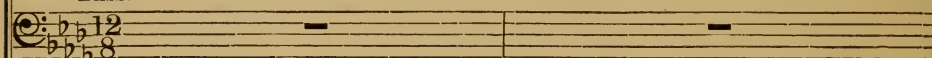


2nd TENOR.

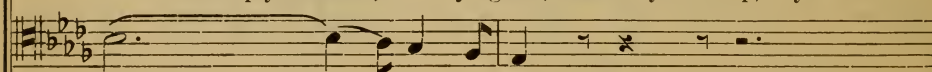


Lift up your heads, O ye

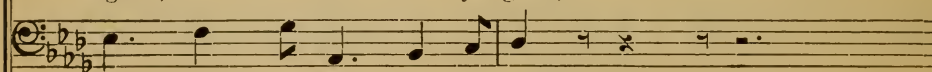
BASS.



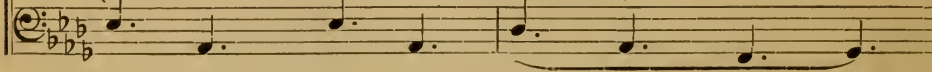
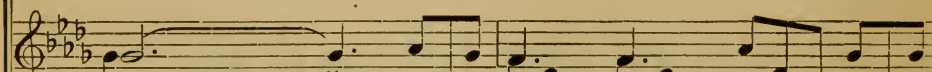
Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye ev - er -



gates, . . . . . O ye gates,



Lift up your heads, O ye gates,



LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

last - - - ing doors,

And the King of glo - ry shall come in, And the

This system contains five staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with a key signature change to F major (two flats) after the first measure. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The second staff is a vocal line in F major, starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The third staff is a vocal line in F major, starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in F major, starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment in F major, starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B.

And the King of glo - ry, of

King of glo - ry shall come in, . . and the King of glo - ry shall come

And the King of glo - ry shall come

This system contains five staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in F major, starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The second staff is a vocal line in F major, starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The third staff is a vocal line in F major, starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in F major, starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment in F major, starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

The musical score is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of five staves each. The first system includes vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "glo - - - - ry shall come in, the King of in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry, the King of in,". The second system continues the melody with the lyrics: "glo - - - - ry shall come in. . . .". The piano accompaniment features a variety of textures, including arpeggiated chords, sustained block chords, and moving bass lines. The score concludes with a final cadence in B-flat major.

glo - - - - ry shall come in, the King of  
in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry, the King of  
in,  
glo - - - - ry shall come in. . . .  
glo - - - - ry shall come in. . . .

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS. O YE GATES.

*mf*

Who is the King of glo - - - - ry?

Who is the King of

Who is the King of

*mf*

*f* *cres.* *ff*

Who is the King of glo - - - - - ry? The Lord strong and

glo - - - - ry? Who is the King of glo - ry? The Lord

glo - ry?

*f* *cres.* *ff*

*cres.* *ff*

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

*ff*

migh - ty, the Lord mighty in bat - tle.

strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in bat - tle.

*ff*

*ff* *mf*

Who is the King?

Who is the King?

Who is the King of glo - - ry? Who is the King of

*mp*

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - - - ry,

The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - - - ry,  
glo - - - ry?

He is the King of glo - - - ry, He is the King of glo - - - ry,

He is the King, He is the  
He is the

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

He is the King of glo - ry, the Lord of  
 King, the King of glo - ry, the Lord of  
 King of glo - - - - -

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a bass line. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment, with the fourth staff in treble clef and the fifth in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 12/8.

hosts.  
 hosts.  
 ry.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature changes to two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature remains 12/8.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

Musical score for "Lift up your heads, O ye gates." The score is written for four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics "Lift up your heads, O ye". The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, . . . . O ye gates". The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics "Lift up your heads, O ye". The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 12/8. The tempo is marked *f* (forte) and the dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Continuation of the musical score for "Lift up your heads, O ye gates." The score is written for four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics "gates, and be ye lift up, ye ey - er - last - - ing doors,". The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics "gates, And the King of glo - ry,". The third staff is a vocal line. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 12/8.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

*f*

And the

shall come in, And the King of glo - ry shall come in,

And the

*f*

This system contains five staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half rest, and then a quarter note G4, a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note E4, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melody of quarter notes: G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B-flat5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B-flat6, C7, D7, E7, F#7, G7, A7, B-flat7, C8, D8, E8, F#8, G8, A8, B-flat8, C9, D9, E9, F#9, G9, A9, B-flat9, C10, D10, E10, F#10, G10, A10, B-flat10, C11, D11, E11, F#11, G11, A11, B-flat11, C12, D12, E12, F#12, G12, A12, B-flat12, C13, D13, E13, F#13, G13, A13, B-flat13, C14, D14, E14, F#14, G14, A14, B-flat14, C15, D15, E15, F#15, G15, A15, B-flat15, C16, D16, E16, F#16, G16, A16, B-flat16, C17, D17, E17, F#17, G17, A17, B-flat17, C18, D18, E18, F#18, G18, A18, B-flat18, C19, D19, E19, F#19, G19, A19, B-flat19, C20, D20, E20, F#20, G20, A20, B-flat20, C21, D21, E21, F#21, G21, A21, B-flat21, C22, D22, E22, F#22, G22, A22, B-flat22, C23, D23, E23, F#23, G23, A23, B-flat23, C24, D24, E24, F#24, G24, A24, B-flat24, C25, D25, E25, F#25, G25, A25, B-flat25, C26, D26, E26, F#26, G26, A26, B-flat26, C27, D27, E27, F#27, G27, A27, B-flat27, C28, D28, E28, F#28, G28, A28, B-flat28, C29, D29, E29, F#29, G29, A29, B-flat29, C30, D30, E30, F#30, G30, A30, B-flat30, C31, D31, E31, F#31, G31, A31, B-flat31, C32, D32, E32, F#32, G32, A32, B-flat32, C33, D33, E33, F#33, G33, A33, B-flat33, C34, D34, E34, F#34, G34, A34, B-flat34, C35, D35, E35, F#35, G35, A35, B-flat35, C36, D36, E36, F#36, G36, A36, B-flat36, C37, D37, E37, F#37, G37, A37, B-flat37, C38, D38, E38, F#38, G38, A38, B-flat38, C39, D39, E39, F#39, G39, A39, B-flat39, C40, D40, E40, F#40, G40, A40, B-flat40, C41, D41, E41, F#41, G41, A41, B-flat41, C42, D42, E42, F#42, G42, A42, B-flat42, C43, D43, E43, F#43, G43, A43, B-flat43, C44, D44, E44, F#44, G44, A44, B-flat44, C45, D45, E45, F#45, G45, A45, B-flat45, C46, D46, E46, F#46, G46, A46, B-flat46, C47, D47, E47, F#47, G47, A47, B-flat47, C48, D48, E48, F#48, G48, A48, B-flat48, C49, D49, E49, F#49, G49, A49, B-flat49, C50, D50, E50, F#50, G50, A50, B-flat50, C51, D51, E51, F#51, G51, A51, B-flat51, C52, D52, E52, F#52, G52, A52, B-flat52, C53, D53, E53, F#53, G53, A53, B-flat53, C54, D54, E54, F#54, G54, A54, B-flat54, C55, D55, E55, F#55, G55, A55, B-flat55, C56, D56, E56, F#56, G56, A56, B-flat56, C57, D57, E57, F#57, G57, A57, B-flat57, C58, D58, E58, F#58, G58, A58, B-flat58, C59, D59, E59, F#59, G59, A59, B-flat59, C60, D60, E60, F#60, G60, A60, B-flat60, C61, D61, E61, F#61, G61, A61, B-flat61, C62, D62, E62, F#62, G62, A62, B-flat62, C63, D63, E63, F#63, G63, A63, B-flat63, C64, D64, E64, F#64, G64, A64, B-flat64, C65, D65, E65, F#65, G65, A65, B-flat65, C66, D66, E66, F#66, G66, A66, B-flat66, C67, D67, E67, F#67, G67, A67, B-flat67, C68, D68, E68, F#68, G68, A68, B-flat68, C69, D69, E69, F#69, G69, A69, B-flat69, C70, D70, E70, F#70, G70, A70, B-flat70, C71, D71, E71, F#71, G71, A71, B-flat71, C72, D72, E72, F#72, G72, A72, B-flat72, C73, D73, E73, F#73, G73, A73, B-flat73, C74, D74, E74, F#74, G74, A74, B-flat74, C75, D75, E75, F#75, 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D162, E162, F#162, G162, A162, B-flat162, C163, D163, E163, F#163, G163, A163, B-flat163, C164, D164, E164, F#164, G164, A164, B-flat164, C165, D165, E165, F#165, G165, A165, B-flat165, C166, D166, E166, F#166, G166, A166, B-flat166, C167, D167, E167, F#167, G167, A167, B-flat167, C168, D168, E168, F#168, G168, A168, B-flat168, C169, D169, E169, F#169, G169, A169, B-flat169, C170, D170, E170, F#170, G170, A170, B-flat170, C171, D171, E171, F#171, G171, A171, B-flat171, C172, D172, E172, F#172, G172, A172, B-flat172, C173, D173, E173, F#173, G173, A173, B-flat173, C174, D174, E174, F#174, G174, A174, B-flat174, C175, D175, E175, F#175, G175, A175, B-flat175, C176, D176, E176, F#176, G176, A176, B-flat176, C177, D177, E177, F#177, G177, A177, B-flat177, C178, D178, E178, F#178, G178, A178, B-flat178, C179, D179, E179, F#179, G179, A179, B-flat179, C180, D180, E180, F#180, G180, A180, B-flat180, C181, D181, E181, F#181, G181, A181, B-flat181, C182, D182, E182, F#182, G182, A182, 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B-flat348, C349, D349, E349, F#349, G349, A349, B-flat349, C350, D350, E350, F#350, G350, A350, B-flat350, C351

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

ry shall come in, the King of glo - - - ry shall come

in, the King of glo - ry, the King of glo - - - ry shall come

The musical score consists of five staves. The first two staves are vocal lines in a soprano and alto register, respectively, with lyrics. The third staff is a tenor line. The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, featuring chords and arpeggiated figures.

in. . . .

in. . . . Who - is the King of

The musical score continues with three staves. The first staff is a vocal line with the lyrics 'in. . . .'. The second staff is a vocal line with the lyrics 'in. . . . Who - is the King of'. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, featuring chords and arpeggiated figures.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

*f*

Who is the King of glo - - ry?

glo - - - - - ry? Who is the King of

Who is the King of glo - - ry?

*cres.*

Who is the King of glo - - - - - ry? The

glo - - - - - ry? The Lord . . . . .

Who is the King of glo - - - - - ry? The

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a *ff* dynamic marking. The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "Lord of hosts, He is the King of of hosts, He is the King of Lord of hosts, He is the King of".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats and a common time signature. It features a *ff* dynamic marking. The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics continue from the first system.

Third system of the musical score. It consists of five staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats and a common time signature. The second and third staves are in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The fourth staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "glo - - - - - ry. . . . . glo - - - - - ry. . . . .".

*mp*

Lead, Kind - ly Light, Amid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on, The night is

home, . . . . Lead Thou me on,

dark, And I am far from home, Lead Thou me on, . . . . Keep Thou my  
on, Lead Thou me on,

home, . . . . .

step,

feet. I do not ask to see, The distant scenes, One step, one step e - nough for me.

*\* mf*

I was not ev - er thus, Nor prayed that Thou should'st lead me on, I loved to

\* The small note chord is for use with instrumental accompaniment.

# LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

on. . . . .

*f*

choose my path, But now, Lead Thou me on, lead Thou me on, I loved the

*ff* *p*

gar-ish day, And spite of fears, Pride ruled my will, Re-mem-ber not past years,

*mp*

So long Thy pow'r has blessed me sure it still will lead me on, O'er moor and

*ff* gone, . . . . .

fen, O'er crag and tor-rent till the night is gone, The night is gone, And with the

since, . . .

morn, Those angel faces smile, Which I have lov'd long since, long since and lost a - while.

since, . . .

since, . . .

## COME UNTO ME.

W. F. SUDDS.

*mp* Come . . . un-to me, come un - to me, All ye that  
Come un - to me, come . . . un-to me, un-to me, All ye that

*p* la - bor, and are wea - ry la - den, Come un - to me, come . . . un - to me,  
come un - to me, un - to

*p* all ye that la - bor, and are hea - - vy la - den And I will give you  
me all ye that

*mp* Take my yoke up - on you and learn of  
rest, and I will give you rest. Take . . . my yoke up - on you, for

*pp* me for I am Take my yoke up - on you and learn of me for  
I am meek and low - ly in heart, And ye shall find rest un -

COME UNTO ME.

*p*

to your souls, For my yoke is ea-sy, And my bur-den is light. . .

ORG.

*mp*

Come . . . un-to me, come un-to me,

Come un-to me, come . . . un-to me, All ye that

un-to me. All ye that

*p*

la-bor, and are wea-ry la-den, Come un-to me, come . . . un-to me,

come un-to me, un-to

*p*

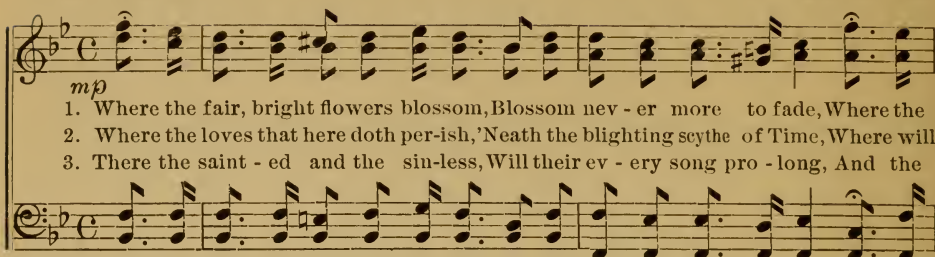
all ye that la-bor, and are hea-vy la-den And I will give you

me all ye that

rest, And I will give you rest. . . .

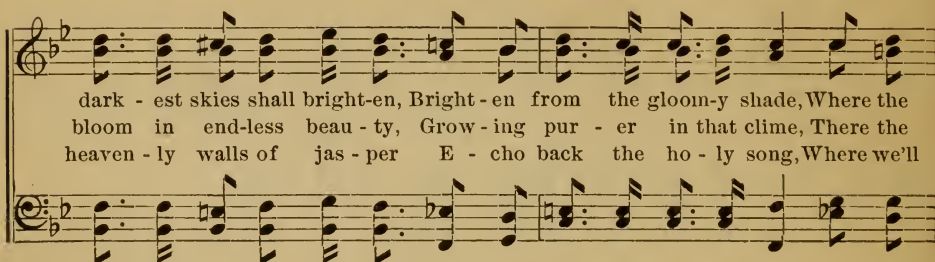
Poetry by W. W. LONG.

W. F. SUDDS, by per.

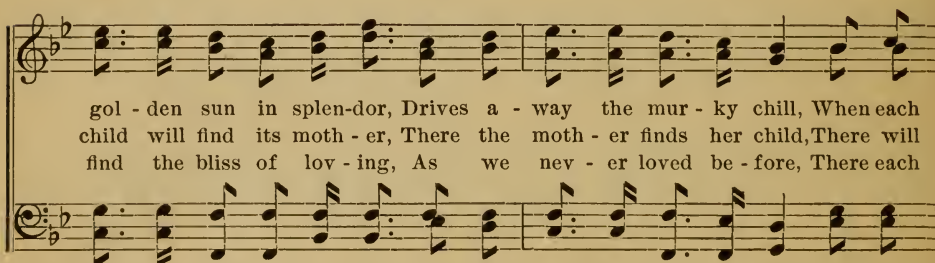


*mp*

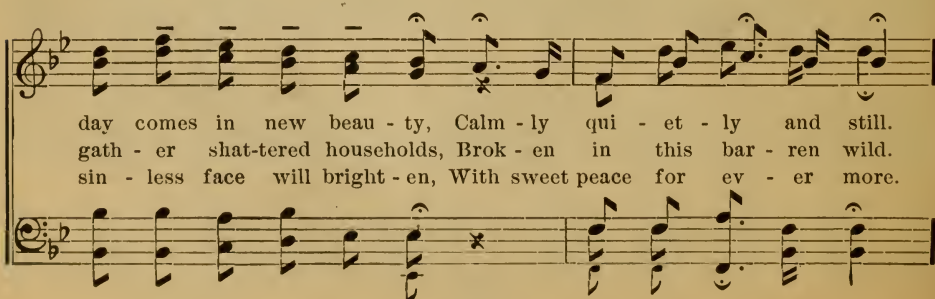
1. Where the fair, bright flowers blossom, Blossom nev - er more to fade, Where the
2. Where the loves that here doth per-ish, 'Neath the blighting scythe of Time, Where will
3. There the saint - ed and the sin-less, Will their ev - ery song pro - long, And the



dark - est skies shall bright-en, Bright - en from the gloom-y shade, Where the  
bloom in end-less beau - ty, Grow - ing pur - er in that clime, There the  
heaven - ly walls of jas - per E - cho back the ho - ly song, Where we'll



gol - den sun in splen-dor, Drives a - way the mur - ky chill, When each  
child will find its moth - er, There the moth - er finds her child, There will  
find the bliss of lov - ing, As we nev - er loved be - fore, There each



day comes in new beau - ty, Calm - ly qui - et - ly and still.  
gath - er shat-tered households, Brok - en in this bar - ren wild.  
sin - less face will bright - en, With sweet peace for ev - er more.

IN THE HOLY LAND OF HEAVEN.

In the ho - ly land of heav-en, We for aye shall meet and rest, Where all

brok - en ties are gath - ered, We for ev - er shall be blest.

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NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

Arr. by W. F. SUDDS.

*p*

TENOR SOLO.

Near - er my God to Thee, near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

be a cross that rais - eth me. Still all my song shall be, Near - er my

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a fermata over the first measure and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning of the second measure. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a fermata over the first measure and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning of the second measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

God to Thee, Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The key signature remains B-flat major. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a fermata over the first measure and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning of the second measure. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a fermata over the first measure and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning of the second measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

CHORUS.

Still all my song shall be, Near - er my God to Thee,

Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The key signature remains B-flat major. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a fermata over the first measure and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning of the second measure. The second staff is the piano accompaniment, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a fermata over the first measure and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) at the beginning of the second measure. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

SOLO.  
*Slowly.*

Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light is gone.

Dark - ness is o - ver me my rest a stone.

CHORUS.

Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er my God to Thee.  
Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

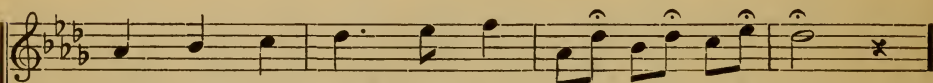
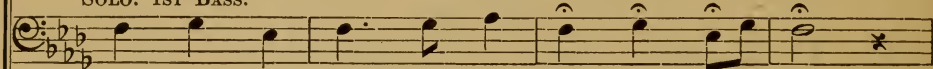
NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

SOLO. 1ST TENOR.

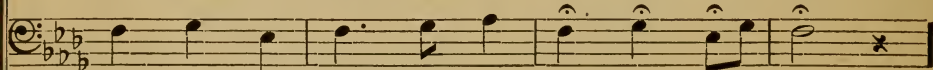


Then let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven.

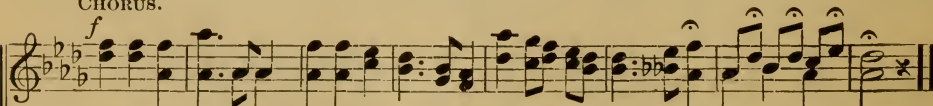
SOLO. 1ST BASS.



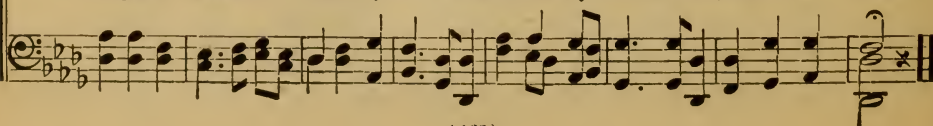
All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy given.



CHORUS.



An-gels to beck-on me, Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee.



*f With much vigor.*

Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the

ransom'd saints, Throng up the steeps of light, 'Tis finished! all is finished! Their

fight with death and sin, Fling o - pen wide the golden gates, and let the vic - tors in.

*mf* What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fill all the earth and sky, What ring - ing of a

nigh, . . . . .  
thous-and harps, Bespeaks the tri - umph nigh, Bespeaks the tri-umph nigh, O

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

Day for which Cre - a - tion, And all its tribes were made, O joy of all its

form - er woes, A thousand fold re - paid. Oh, then what raptur'd greetings, On

Ca-naan' shap - py shore, What knitting sev - ered friendships, When partings are no

more, Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimm'd with tears of late, Orphans no longer

fa-ther-less, Nor widows des - o - late, Bring now the great Sal - va-tion, Thou

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

Lamb for sin-ners slain, Fill up the roll of Thine e-lect, Then take Thy power and

reign, Ap-pear, De-sire of na-tions, Thine ex-iles long for home, Show

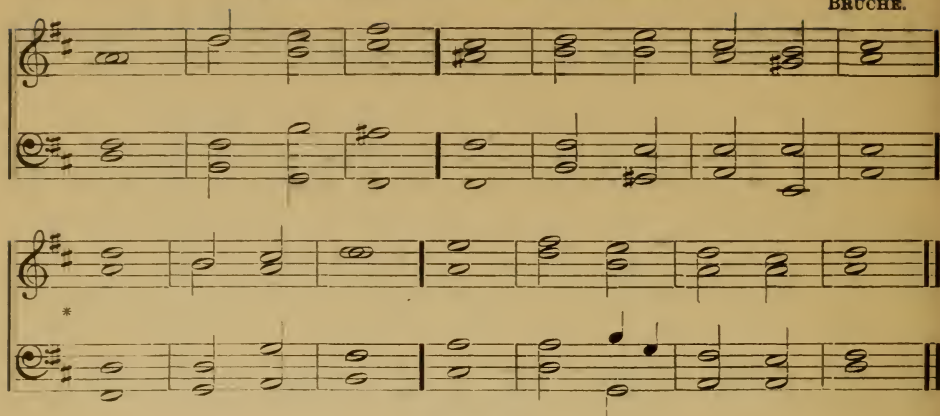
in the heavens Thy promised sign, Thou Prince and Saviour come. A - men.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

BRUCHE.

*Psalm 67.*

- 1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || And show us the light of his countenance,  
and be | merci · · ful | unto | us.
- 2 That thy way may be known | up · · on | earth; || Thy saving | health a- | mong all |  
nations.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God; || Yea, let | all the · · people | praise— | thee.
- 4 Oh, let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || For thou shall judge the people righteously,  
and govern the | na · · tions | upon | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God; || Yea, let | all the · · people | praise— | thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || And God, even our own | God shall |  
give us · · his | blessing.
- 7 God shall | bless— | us; || And all the ends of the | world shall | fear— him.
- 8 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost; ||
- 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || World | without- | end. A- |  
men.

*Psalm 95.*

1 Oh, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord ; || Let us heartily rejoice  
in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving ; || And  
show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great— | God ; || And a great | King a- | bove  
all | gods.

4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth ; || and the strength  
of the | hills is | his— | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it ; || And his hands pre- | pared |  
the dry | land.

6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down ; || And kneel be- | fore  
the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord our | God ; || And we are the people of his  
pasture, and the | sheep of his— | hand.

8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty . . of | holiness ; || Let the  
whole | earth . . stand in | awe of | him.

\*9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth ; || And with  
righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son. || And | to the | Holy |  
Ghost.

11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever . . shall | be, || World  
without | end. A- | men, A- | men.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.  
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread.  
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. A-men.  
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.  
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for - ever and ever.

1. "Thy will be done!" In devious way The hurrying stream of life may run;  
 2. "Thy will be done!" if o'er us shine A gladd'ning and a prosp'rous sun;  
 3. "Thy will be done!" though shrouded o'er Our path with gloom.

Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, "Thy will be done."  
 This prayer will make it more di - vine. "Thy will be done."  
 one comfort—one Is ours :—to breathe while we a-dore, "Thy will be done."

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Titles in small capitals, first lines in Roman.

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